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Durfey's
STORIES.

STORIES
Duffey's



STORIES,

Moral and Comical.

VIZ.

The Banquet of the Gods.

Titus and *Gissippus*: Or the
Power of Friendship.

The Prudent Husband: Or
Cuckoldom wittily pre-
vented.

Loyalty's Glory: Or the true
Souldier of Honour.

From Hints out of *Italian, Spa-
nish* and *French* Authors, done into
several sorts of *English* Verse and
Prose, with large Additions and Em-
bellishments.

By T. D'urfey, Gent.

L O N D O N,
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to *Serjeants Inn* in *Chancery-Lane*.

Macmillan and Co., Ltd.



The Emperor of the Gods.

57

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To the Most Noble

HENRY

Duke of Beaufort,

Marquis and Earl of *Worcester*, Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert* of *Chepstow*, *Ragland* and *Gower*, &c.

May it please Your Grace,

THe many great Honours,
as well as Pleasures, which
I frequently receiv'd, when
I had the Happiness to be at Your
Grace's Delightful Seat at *Bad-*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

minton, where the best part of the following Sheets were written, have now engag'd both my Duty and Gratitude to throw them all at Your Feet: And if in any Hour of Leisure, Your Grace finds in them that Diversion which I hope, and which I am encourag'd by some Superiour Judgments to believe they may afford, I shall think that Summer better spent (that gave Opportunity for the Work) than any of my former; and also that *Muse* most Adorable, who, Blessing the Beautiful Paradise, which Your Grace's Admirable Gardens represent, both Inspir'd the Thought, and Assisted the Performance, of what, favour'd by Your Smile, will give me so much Honour and Satisfaction.

There

The Epistle Dedicatory.

There is, my Lord, a Saying of an Antique Philosopher, That *To be very Happy, a Man must either be a King or an Idiot* : But I confess I cannot admit of that Sage's Opinion, nor confine my self such a Slave to his Morose Severity to allow such a strange Extreme ; since I am well assured there may opportunely be a Medium, which may give great occasion for solid Contentments : And to have a Genius to Entertain well Great Princes of Exalted Merit, and other persons of Polite and uncommon Understanding, is, in my opinion, no Inferiour Station of Felicity.

My Lord, 'Tis impossible for me to forget my Satisfaction, when I had the Honour to Amuse Your Grace with some part of *The Banquet*

Ⓟ

The Epistle Dedicatory.

quet of the Gods, when it was in its Infancy : And I dare be so confident to affirm, that the Work being now at its full growth, will add to Your Diversion : There being a Moral in the whole, which, tho a little Satyrical, is not unpleasant, nor does it want the Instructive quality.

The rest of the Stories, tho of different kinds, tend all that way, especially that which is addrest to Her Majesty ; it being in former Ages thought one of the most Noble, amongst all other Subjects, which the Famous *Italian Boccace*, from whom I had the hint, ever wrote upon.

But, for fear I should detain Your Grace too long on these trivial matters, I hasten to a period ; by owning my Compleatest Happiness

The Epistle Dedicatory.

piness is, that I have this opportunity, with Presenting my Book, to Congratulate Your Grace on Your Happy Change of Condition. Happiness I may reasonably predict, by a just Consideration of the Merit on both sides ; for, as no Virtue, Quality nor Grace, can possibly shine with greater Lustre in any of the Fair Sex, than now they do in the Charming Attracter of your Heart ; so I must beg leave to say, That no degree of Honour, Humanity, or Brave Resolve, mixt with Sweetness of Temper, were ever more Conspicuous than in Your Grace. A Specimen of this last Excellent Quality is nobly proved by your Uncommon Tenderness and Constant Affection, shewn to your late Honourable and Beautiful Dutchess,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Dutchess, of which my self, as well as the rest of the World, was Eye-Witness, and which now must give your second Adorable Choice, a happy Occasion to believe the Charming Endearments that are likely to succeed. I could launch out here, My Lord, into farther Depths of Praise, and properly enough guard my self from being prov'd a Flatterer, Confirming the aforesaid Truths, (besides my own Observation) by bringing the Vouchments of numbers that have the Honour to know ye, were I not well assur'd, that those Excellencies I have already mention'd are nearly related to another call'd *Modesty*, which would not encourage me for such a proceeding; Tho the Judicious part
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the World reasonably allow'd,
I only did ye Justice.

To Conclude then, I most
Heartily Wish Your Grace, and
Your Noble Consort, all the
Blessings, that length of Days,
Entire Contentment, Fortune and
Love, made Happy by a Blest
and Numerous Off-spring, to
crown all, can bring ye. And as
Your Sourse of Generous and
Condescending Courtesy is al-
ways unexhausted, to those who
have the Happiness to know ye;
so I must humbly beg Your Grace
to believe, That the Grateful
Acknowledgments for Favours
past, and most Entire Wishes for
Your Felicity to come, are and
will be perpetual, from

Most Noble Lord,

Your Grace's Most Oblig'd Humble Servant,

T. Drury.

I be Epistle Dedicatorie

of the Worthy and Reverend

I only did ye Justice

To Continue them I must

Identify with your cause and

Your Noble Cause and the

Whimsies that begg'd of Love

have Condemned Fortune and

I live made happy by a bliss

and I am thus Offspring to

even all can bring as As far

Your hearts of generous and

Counting Country us all

were extended to those times

have the response to know ye

to be a friend to your Grace

to better to be the Church

character of your Favours

and I am thus Offspring to

even all can bring as As far

Your hearts of generous and

Counting Country us all

were extended to those times

have the response to know ye

to be a friend to your Grace

Advertisement.

THere being very little occasion for a Preface, I resolve only to put, instead of it, a small Advertisement, to prepare the Reader for the Stories before he engages in 'em. The first, being The Banquet of the Gods, is wholly a Novelty, nothing of that kind having been ever before in English Verse ; and what Lucian and one of the French Ancients did of it in another Language will be found so Foreign to the Modern Fancy with which I have Embellisht it, that I doubt not but I shall receive a due Encouragement from all Ingenious Persuers ; it being by much the most Perfect Piece that ever I undertook. The next, being Titus and Gissippus, will, I hope, force its way through the Injustice of too Critical Censures, by the Noble Theme, and the Art us'd in it to move the Passions ; the Moral being adapted to an Honest Design, of shewing my Jarring Countrymen the Grace and Beauty of Union and Friendship. The third, The Prudent Husband ; as the Passages in it are very Divertive and Pleasant, so is the Conclusion Instructive. And for the last, The True Souldier of Honour, 'tis
entirely

entirely addrest to the General Officers and Soldiers of England; to Renown past Bravery, and Encourage the future, by shewing a Noble Character in it of the Compleatest one of that kind; who I place before 'em as a Mirrour to 'em all.

And thus, having given a brief account of the whole Piece, if the several Subjects gain but the Satisfaction of Entertaining, as I desire, the Persons of Quality, who have been Generous Subscribers to my Endeavour, I shall be as Proud in my Contentment, as that great Author, who, with a Roman Assurance, could not forbear to conclude with, Jamque opus Exegi quod nec Jovis, &c.

Since 'tis almost impossible to hinder some mistakes in the Print, the Reader is desired to judge favourably, and mend with his Pen the Errors he may casually meet with.

The

THE
BANQUET
OF THE
GODS.

A *Uro*ra from *Saturnia's* Gloom,
Had now retriev'd her radiant bloom,
And on the Infant Rosy Morn,
That happy moment newly born,
Had shed her sweet Vermillion Grace,
And tinctur'd *Sol's* approaching rays.

Now likewise, had a revelling Crew
That Youthful Pleasures to pursue,
And to enlarge short Life's delights,
Turn'd transitory days to nights,

Finding her early Glory spread,
Left dear Debauch, and stole to Bed.

When *Jove*, whose usual Custom was,
From his Celestial Dwelling place,
To view the prostrate Mortal Race,
That in his Temples Duty paid,
And rev'rently implor'd his aid,
Now pigu'd to find that Mortal Bliss
Outdid Seraphick Happiness;
And that whilst Deities with care
Were busy'd in some grand Affair,
Humans just sated at a Feast,
Should crown their Luxury with rest
Resolv'd he would the difference shew
'Twixt Joys above and those below,
And by some glorious Banquet given,
Distinction prove, 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

This Enterprize to *Juno's* Ear
The Thunderer with speed does bear,
To have her Conjugal Consent,
And Judgment in the management;

The Banquet of the Gods.

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Tells her, he meant the Gods to call
Together, to *Olympus* Hall,
And there with high Immortal Meat,
And Cates magnificent to treat.

But she, whose parsimonious mind
Some hints of Avarice did bind,
Seem'd to dislike the thing propos'd,
And to evade it, want disclos'd
Of Napkins for so great a Feast,
And that she could not serve each Guest;
Since *Pallas* negligent had been,
And lately had forgot to spin.

But whatsoever she could say,
Jove was resolv'd to have his way;
And therefore straight for *Hermes* sends,
Then tells his Son what he intends;
Who when he had, as 'twas his use,
Put on his flying Hat and Shoes,
His charming Rod too in his Hand,
Prepares to act his Sire's command.

First then he cuts the Ambient Air,
And wings it to the seventh Sphere,
Where awful *Saturn* long had reign'd,
And Goddess Nature State maintain'd,
With Fate, and Fortune neighbouring by,
'Mongst other Dwellings of the Sky;
These all in their Divine Abodes
He summons from the King of Gods,
Which done, proceeding on his Course,
To the third Heav'n he swiftly soars,
And finding dazzling *Phæbus* there
Was just beginning his Career,
Invites him at his Chariot side,
Who told him, he his Steeds would guide
With an unwonted speed that day,
That he the sooner might obey.

This being done, the God descends
To Earth, and now his Journey bends
To *Lemnos*, in whose gloomy Isle
God *Vulcan*, with unweary'd Toyl,
His mystick Art did daily prove
In making Thunder-bolts for *Jove*,

The Banquet of the Gods.

5

Who now more busy seem'd to be
At his hard Work than usually,
Wanting this time a greater store
Than was occasion for before;
The Sins of Mortals by encrease,
Amounting to more vile degrees.

To him the Heav'nly Messenger
Declares his cause of coming there,
Then humbly begs to wait upon
(In the next place) his Wife and Son,
To render also to their Hands
Th' effect of *Jupiter's* Commands.

But *Vulcan*, whom the Forge had made,
No well-bred Complemental Blade,
To that request soon puts a stop,
His Beauteous Spouse was not yet up,
Nor did it suit his jealous Pate
To shew her in that tempting State;
But she should know ---- and for her Son
To him the Message might be done
At his discretion. ---- i'th' next room,
Where he was riding on a Broom,

B 3

On

On Cock-horse, amongst heaps of Hearts,
Shot with his Bow, and Golden Darts,
Which there with other Trinkets lay,
Us'd properly in Childrens Play.

To him, on th' instant *Hermes* goes,
And *Jove's* Design and Message shews,
Then begs that he'll the favour do
T' invite his charming Mother too,
Since he was stopt through jealous fear,
And could not get th' Grace to see her,
The little God straight grants the Boon,
But said, he could not come so soon
As he did dutifully mean,
Because his Head-band was not clean,
Which was so daub'd with sweaty Hair
He could not till 'twas washt, appear;
But he had filling been (some years)
A Golden Bowl with Lovers Tears,
And soon as it was done and dry'd,
Mamma, and he would thither ride,
That he her Charioteer would be,
And guide the Doves so artfully

They

The Banquet of the Gods.

7

They o're the Plains of Azure Sky,
More swift than usually should fly.

Mercurius smiling at this, takes
His leave, and civil Congee makes,
But in returning the same way,
Stopt at the Room where *Venus* lay,
Whose door half open standing too,
Affords some pleasure to his view;
The *Cestos* us'd to gird her Waste
Upon the Floor was heedless cast,
Night-Waste-coat seen, to move desire,
And the Lawn Smock hung by the Fire;
But what most charm'd of all the rest,
A Sample of her Snowy Breast
Might be perceiv'd, and out of Bed
A Milk-white Arm and Hand was laid,
That with a little Lap-dog plaid,
That strove with eager speed to fly
To th' Heaven where it us'd to lye.

Hermes with this had ravisht been,
And had most readily gone in,
Not minding nearness of the kin,

B 4

}
}
}
If

If *Vulcan* had not limpt that way,
To know the cause that made him stay,
As one too that had cautiously
Long known his filching quality,
And thought best therefore to be by,
On every thing to have an Eye,
When finding all things as before,
He begs to wait him to the door.

The Ambassador, tho vext at heart
From that delightful Scene to part,
Yet must obey, but e're he went
A secret Curse does inly vent,
(By which it plainly does appear
The Gods can Curse as well as Swear)
On that dull Soul-less lump, who blest
With power t' indulge at Beauty's Feast,
Could leave the fruits of kind Desire,
To sweat in Smoak, and work in Fire..

Now then from thence he takes his way,
With easy flight down to the Sea,
And through the blooming Billows there,
Straight on to *Neptune's* Court does steer,

Who?

The Banquet of the Gods.

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Whose Jasper Palace, fam'd of old
For Ruby Doors and Locks of Gold,
Turrets of Adamantine Stone,
With Shells adorn'd that dazzling shone,
He enters, and to th' Deity
Addresses his short Embassy.

The Watry God that instant fate
With *Amphitrite* by in state
To hear an Entertainment made
By *Tritons*, who both sung and plaid
On Shelly Pipes, with Skill profound,
Which gave a most melodious Sound,
Who answer'd, he'd not backward be
To share in that solemnity,
And the same Message should be done
To *Thetis* and to *Palemon*,
The rest too of Divinities,
They knew inhabited the Seas.

This promis'd, far from *Neptune's* Strands,
Near *Thracian Bosphorus*, *Hermes* lands,
Where *Mars* his last Campaign had made,
And form'd his daily Cavalcade.

The

The Martial God beneath a Tent
 He finds, who there some hours had spent,
 In pondring upon Wars Alarms,
 And seeing Slaves rub bright his Arms;
 Who, when he did the Message hear,
 And knew his Mistress must be there,
 To th' Heavenly Post reply'd——Tho Fate
 Has summon'd me to Actions great,
 More than within my Roll appears
 To have been done this hundred years;
 Tho Empires and great States below,
 Want my strong Arm to guide the blow,
 And half the World with fatal Will
 Wait only my deciding Skill;
 Yet *Jove* must be obey'd——whose Might
 My Duty claims——And for Delight,
Venus, the Queen of my Desires,
 Who warms my Heart with Love's soft Fires,
 And Valour in my Breast inspires,
 Attracts me with her Beauty's charms,
 And rules the Thunder of my Arms.

From thence away to *Indian* Lawns,
 Where the bright Morning early dawns,

And

The Banquet of the Gods.

11

And *Phæbus* with his vigorous Shine,
Gilds the plump Grape t' enrich the Wine,
Mercurius flies—and *Bacchus* there
Invites, who from the foultry Air,
Within a cool refreshing Shade,
Which Leaves of twining Vines had made,
Half flutter'd, was supinely laid;
He thanks kind *Hermes* for his care
To find him out, then said he'd bear
Of his new sprightly Wine a taste,
In honour of his Father's Feast:
Should Mirth and Wit divine inspire,
And raise their Jollity much higher;
Then putting by with motion slow
The Clusters dangling on his Brow,
He bids a Favourite Satyr go,
And straight the Golden Bowl produce
Fill'd full of rich *Frontiniack* Juice,
That he might shew his grateful Love,
And drink a Royal health to *Jove*.

The *Sylvans* motion, swift as thought,
The glittering Vessel soon had brought,

Fel-

Fellow to that, which when 'twas fill'd,
 A good well-measur'd Gallon held,
 Which when in *Warwickshire* I've been
 I've in a Noble Mansion † seen
 Where Honour, Peace and Plenty dwell,
 And entertain their Neighbours well.
 This, when the Rosy Deity
 Had got prepar'd, he greedily
 Lifts to his Mouth with closed Eyes,
 Whilst out that instant *Hermes* flies,
 To keep in sober state his Head,
 And on his business to proceed.

Cecilian Ceres next he finds,
 'Mongst loaded Wains and lab'ring Hinds,
 And near to them *Parnassus* Mount,
 Where, at the *Helliconian* Fount
 The Muses dip each charming Quill,
 With which fam'd Bards their Volumes fill.
 The Tuneful Sisters he harrangues,
 Who gave him thanks in *Lyrick* Songs,
 Of Arms, of Musick and of Love,
 On Earth below and Heaven above.

† *Lord Leigh's at Stone leigh in Warwickshire.*

Blunt Pan, and brisk Priapus too
He summons with their jolly Crew,
That Sing and Kifs, and Dance and Play,
And revel out the live-long Day.

But Virtue, Fame and Victory,
Plung'd him in most perplexity,
Not knowing where their Dwellings were,
Nor how he should Jove's Message bear,
Yet thinking Goddess Virtue's Seat
Must be among the noted Great,
He straight to a Kings Palace flies,
And putting on a fit disguise,
Askt the first Courtier in his way
To shew the Room where Virtue lay ;
He, rous'd from out some serious thought,
Told him, that Faith, he had forgot ;
But somewhere 'twas on th' Women's side,
And they could be his certain Guide.

This Spark was Page of the Back Stairs,
Skill'd formerly in City Wars,
But now had left that thriving Sport,
To Wheedle and Stock-job at Court.

Find-

Finding no Truth from him could come,
Hermes advanc'd to th' Drawing-Room,
Where all degrees he buzzing saw,
On Arms, Trade, Politicks and Law :
Some Prelates with debauched conditions,
Some thoughtless Peers, some dull Physicians,
Some noisy Fops with fair Estates,
Some Patriots too with empty Pates,
Some Long-ear'd Brutes in Scarlet too,
Some Black-coats, Red-coats, and some Blue,
That not one word of Virtue knew.

From them he to a Gallery gets,
Amongst a Crew of Female Wits,
Ambition, Fraud and Flattery,
Set by themselves he first does see,
All laughing with Fantastick Airs
At some nice turn of Court Affairs,
These 'mongst the rest were greatest there
Some Ladies of the Bed-Chamber,
Some Black, some Frowzy and some Fair,
Who had the Royal Ear obtain'd
When any Suit was to be gain'd,

And

And now had something new design'd,
They weré so mirthfully inclin'd ;
But when they heard how *Mercury*
For Virtue ask so earnestly,
Their flux of Laughter higher rose,
Telling him, they might well suppose,
That he was but a Stranger there,
That amongst them could ask for her ;
That they had no Acquaintance made
With one so clownish and ill-bred,
Who still appear'd in her old Clothes,
Ne'r came to Balls nor Courtly Shews,
Nor drest in modish Fourbelows,
But among simple Rusticks liv'd,
And only by that sort receiv'd,
Whose guiltless Breasts no thought could bear,
But what was honest and sincere,
Dull Soul-less Fools, tho Nicknam'd wise,
Whom they resolv'd they would despise.

This o're his Sence did so prevail,
That *Hermes* scarce forbore to rail,
Yet did his Passion wisely wave,
Remembering Freedoms Women have,

And

And went to hear some hot discourse,
'Mongst other Courtiers, who the Force
Of *Christendom* were canvassing,
And Rights of this and t'other King.

Dammee, crys one, all *Spain* will rue,
Unless they stand up for *Anjou*;
For why should *Austria* cross the Main,
When t'others Title is so plain.

Hold, crys another, not so fast,
The Will now out of Doors is cast;
Carero's Plot was prov'd so vile,
By the Admirante of *Castille*,
That if we are not chows'd agen
By want of Horses for our Men,
Th' opposing Kings on Grapes may feed,
And eat a Mellon at *Madrid*.

That, cry'd Monsieur, with bon Grace,
You'll find is hard to bring to pass,
'Tis now 'tis held a certainty
Le Roy de France will never dye,

Pluto well brib'd with Golden Fees,
Has given him a perpetual Lease;
And whilst he sends his Grandson Aid,
And the Revolters are afraid,
In vain will *Portugal* invade.

At this, a fourth, with bouncing Oath,
Which for its largeness fill'd his Mouth,
Cuts short the Monsieur, and reply'd,
Your King a Devil can't be deny'd;
But our falsehearted Imps are those
That prove the means by which he grows;
A certain Fiend, call'd Treachery,
So taints our vile Posterity,
That ancient Honour is defac'd,
And turns degenerately base.
In vain, where *Crystal Danube* flows,
And now victorious *Lawrel* grows;
In vain loud Fame of Conquests sings,
† Where the new Prince did wond'rous things;
Where Power and Conduct, join'd with Fate,
To give his Glory endless date;

† *D. of M. at Donawert, Hochstet, and Blenheim.*

And who, pursuing grand Designs,
Forc'd lately too the *Gallian* Lines,
Made *Brabant* shake with pannick fear,
And *Flanders* dread the coming year,
If *Belgian* Thrift or Fallacy,
Tho gloss'd with Stile of Policy
Shall balk Attacks by Deputy,
And opportune Occasion lose
An Age might not again produce.

Thus had the Satyrift gone on,
And some blunt Truths had longer shewn,
But that there came to interpose
A set of Jockeys, and of Beaus,
All bragging like Fantastick Elves,
These of their Horses, those Themselves;
Some studying to make Crimp secure,
And some on new *French* Garniture;
Here, one, who was of late so bare,
Wanting a Peruke fit to wear,
Curl'd with hot Irons lank greasy Hair,
Each day in painted Chariot sits,
Won by two lucky Running Tits;

Who, e're next Season be past o're,
By too much weight, and Six to Four,
Chance turn'd, and paying some old Score,
May leave him where he was before;
For 'Thousands' makes a Match——'Tis done,
Another crys——And they shall run
In *Escham* Vale——tho neither knows
How he shall pay old Sums he owes
More than their *Taylor's* Bill ----- some *Beaus*.

So that quite weary'd here at last,
Hermes thought fit away to haste,
To Rural Wilds, and Bowers of Peace,
Since Virtue could not be with these.

To *Albion* then, whose fragrant Fields
Choice Fruits and Flowers each Summer yields,
Where Nature her best Store-house keeps,
And Peasants sing o're Autumn heaps;
In a lone Cottage; near a Hill,
Blest with a Brooks soft purling Trill,
An ancient Husbandman did dwell,
Who Hospitable to the Poor,
He fed 'em daily at his door,

And all his time, Heav'ns gracious gift,
 Improv'd with honest labour'd Thrift,
 Blessing his Maker for his Meat,
 Still e're he fate him down to eat,
 With patient, kind and comely Spouse,,
 The Guide and Comfort of his House,
 Who when their Loves did first engage
 Brought him two Sons to bless his Age,
 Had long their well earn'd Crop receiv'd,
 And both in Peace and Plenty liv'd ;
 Till Time, that never does forget
 To call at last for Nature's debt,
 Inform'd the Sire 'twas time to pay ;
 And thus, whilst he on's Death-bed lay
Mercurius enters.——who desires,
 Before his hasty Soul retires,
 To know, if in that place serene
 He had the Goddess Virtue seen.

The good old Man, half seiz'd by Death,
 With fading Eyes and faltring breath,

Reply'd,

The Banquet of the Gods.

21

Reply'd, she long had harbour'd there,
And was by him esteem'd most dear;
But finding his Translation near,
she just had left him to his Guide,
The Genius, that stood by his side,
Who was to bring him to the place,
Fix'd to reward his well spent days.

That he her Company had priz'd
So much, he had his Sons advis'd,
Who were at th' Inns of Court in Town,
And both were famous Lawyers grown,
By all means to retain her there,
And her unvalu'd Friendship share,
But that he had much cause to fear,
Another Dame, call'd Interest,
Of fairer Visage, but unblest,
Had dazzl'd so their Judgments sight,
That they for her did Virtue flight.

And now, these words being slowly pass,
Hermes perceiv'd they were his last,
And from the breathless Corps retir'd,
That in his sight so well expir'd ;

C 3

Perplext

Perplext a little in his mind
 This Goddess was so hard to find.
 He th' University next thought,
 Where all her Precepts had been taught,
 Most proper for her to reside;
 But there, the first he met was Pride,
 Vociferation, Vanity,
 Perverters of Philosophy,
 That lewdly on her Rules encroacht,
 And modest Learning had debauch't;
 Reason, with Doubt and Error mixt,
 Jarring Theologists unfixt,
 Whose different Preachments on Salvation,
 Confound, and not Instruct a Nation.

And now, beginning to despair
 That he should ever find her there,
 Ent'ring by chance the Library,
 He sees the Goddess seated high,
 Upon a Pile of Volumes, wrote
 By many a Bard of famous Note.

Hermes, well pleas'd to find her there,
 Who finisht had at last his Care,

Told her, he wonder'd that Recess
Could please her more than Palaces;
But more, that all her Suiters had,
As yet, no seizure on her made,
But let her rest in that lone place,
Amongst cold Rudiments of Grace;
She answer'd, Many came indeed
To seek her, and her Rules to read,
But with the World so tainted were,
And lov'd Inconstant Follies there
To such degree of Fondness, they
Ne're thought of bearing her away.

The God then to th' Sovereigns Feast
Invites her as a welcome Guest,
And askt her, if Triumphant Fame,
Or Victory, e're thither came;
She answer'd, No, for the Abode
Of one was where strong Liquors flow'd;
Where Wealth, and Prodigal Expence,
Had gain'd most high Preheminence;
And t'other was with Fate combin'd,
And by such Obligations joyn'd,

No Merit could Success prefer
Without dependence upon her ;
But he might respite his pursuit,
Since she would send to find ~~em~~ out;
And was herself extreamly pleas'd,
She from the World must be releas'd,
Tho but so short a time ----- Since she
Had, like her Sister, Equity,
Resolv'd long since from thence to fly,
Amongst the Inmates of the Sky.

And now his Task on Earth being done,
Since he throughout the Globe had flown,
Down to the Regions of the night
Mercurius lastly took his flight,
To *Acheron's* black Streams below,
Where wandring Ghosts skim to and fro,
Who had been waiting long before
To have his Passport to get o're.

Here Heroes, that the way had found,
To be perpetually renown'd,
By glorious Deaths in noble Fight,
Defending some just Monarch's Right

Now

The Banquet of the Gods.

25

Now shivering stood with Potentates,
And Peers of over-grown Estates,
That could not bribe a Destiny,
With Gold or Jems to pass 'em by,
But mingl'd with the common Fry,
All us'd alike ----- Some Lovers too,
But those were found but very few,
That by sharp Weapon, or the Noose
Had got from Love's strong Fetters loose ;
With ghastly looks Petition made
For passage to th' *Elizian* Shade ;
But those whom Chance or fierce Disease
Had freed from Life's Infirmities,
In shoals were crowding on the Strand,
Whom *Mercury*, with charming Wand,
In mystick order ranks ----- to float
When trusty *Charon* brought his Boat,
With whom he long had Friendship made,
And having manag'd now each Shade,
He to the frowning Ferry-man,
That row'd, this rallying Speech began.

How

How comes it that I find thee lowre
At waſting theſe poor Spirits o're,
Who all have paid thee on the Shore,
And at this juncture too when I
Have grac't thee with my Company;
Methinks thou rather ſhould'ſt with Joy
Adorn thy Phiz, and Thanks employ,
For my abundant Favours paſt,
And ſo encourage 'em to laſt;
Haſt thou not cauſe to make thy brags,
That I have daily fill'd thy Bags,
By ſtirring up my Votaries
So oft to Cheats and Villanies,
They when beneath my Planet born
Are all predeſtin'd ſo forlorn,
They have no Power to prevent
A Diſſolution violent;
Which muſt conſiderably encrease
Thy Profit, when they pay their Fees;

Befides, when I obſerv'd of late
Their Sheers the Sizzars did not whet,

But

But let them blunt and rusty grow,
Which fav'd by their dividing flow
The Thread of many a Life below;
I took 'em, since 'twas proper found,
And at my own Charge got 'em ground,
When, since that time, they clip so well,
That to *Elizium* or to *Hell*,
With the least touch are Crowds sent o're,
Which must add largely to thy Store;
And if that Phrase be right on Earth,
That who has Money must have Mirth,
Instead of frowning on thy Tòyl,
Thou hast much greater cause to smile.

I own, cry'd *Charon*, that my pence
Are added by your diligence,
And will e're long, Friend *Hermes*, spare
A Purse to thank you for your care;
But Souls that oft are sent above
To Heaven, do such a hindrance prove,
It has strange alterations made
In the free Profits of my Trade,
For some by Works, and some by Prayer
Still make such Interest to get there,

That

That I am fain to bribe a Spright,
Amongst the Rakes to do me Right,
Bullies and Beaus that breathe Town Air,
That Sing and Roar, and Drink and Swear,
And ne're fatigue themselves with Prayer,
My places failure to prevent,
And bring me an equivolent,
Which yet scarce does——what I intend ;
I'll therefore tell thee, as a Friend,
Which is, Petition-way, to move
My Landlord *Pluto* here, and *Jove*,
That one, would not my Dues prevent,
And t'other, would abate the Rent,
Exacted for his Boat by th' year,
Which is so damn'd confounded dear,
That if I'm not reliev'd in haste,
With some amends for what is past,
I'll get into the World again,
And Ferry on the River *Seine*.

Nor is this all, for you must know
The true main cause that clouds my Brow

Is by some Projects that appear
From some sharp Rogues you late sent here,
The Cock of which has *Pluto's* Ear,
With such well study'd Cunning got,
That he begins to heed his Plot.

An Architect in th' Devil's Name,
The Fellow is, who to get Fame,
Has undertook with Priviledge,
On the River here to make a Bridge,
O're which, when Shades in Crowds do pass,

I may go turn my self to Grass ;
He tells the Infernal King, that some
Great Persons are too proud to come,
Using for Passage to his Court

A Sculler, like the meaner sort ;
But would on Horseback, or in Chairs,
Or Coaches, drawn by *Flanders* Mares,
Embroider'd be from Foot to Scull,

In spite of Parliamentary Wool,
And daily fill his Lobby full,

Which would his Wardrobe so enlarge,
'Twould answer well the Building's charge ;

But I have form'd a Counter Plot
I hope will pay him for his thought ;

For

For if *Alecto* stands my Friend,
And lashes him, as we intend,
We'll cripple the projecting Ghost,
E're he can fix one Water-Post.

Hermes, with *Charon's* Tale and Plot,
Was highly pleas'd, and now was got
By labour'd Skill, and Oars well ply'd,
With all his Charge, to th' other side,
Where promising his sweating Friend,
He would his business recommend
To *Pluto*, and to Heavens King,
And good Account on't shortly bring,
Shaking his Hand, he bad farewell;
And onward speeds to enter Hell.

Fierce *Cerberus*, who th' Gate did keep,
First with a Sop he lays asleep,
Then forward goes to th' Room of State,
Where on a lofty Throne of Jet,
The grizly King of Terror fate,
Discourfing with his *Proserpine*,
On things infernally divine,

To him the wing'd Ambassador,
His Message tells, then adds to her,
How much her Mother *Ceres* mourns
In *Cicily*, till she returns;
That now, she hop'd (the long half year
Being ended) she would see her there,
And that instead of Screeks and Howls,
The harmony of Par-boil'd Souls,
She'd now divert with Tunes more gay,
And go with her to see a Play;
That a new Pastoral was made;
Which by her Swains in some fresh Glade,
To grace her coming should be plaid.

His Diabolick Majesty
At this was going to reply,
When *Proserpine*, to stop dispute,
As having th' length now of his Foot,
And oft in Conjugal discourse,
Prov'd the Grey Mare the better Horse,
With Voice exalted, bid him cease
All contradiction, in this case;

For

For if he thought, she like a Mome,
All th' tedious year would stay at home,
Contrary to the Contract made
When first she came to share his Bed,
Or that, with Soot and Charcoal soil'd,
Which her Complexion quite had spoil'd,
She would sit moping all her life,
He was mistaken in his Wife;
Of finding, bragg'd, what ne're was lost,
And Reck'ning made without his Host;
Which said, she starts from out her place,
And bids 'em straight put to the Chaise;
And since 'twas not the fashion now
For Husbands with their Wives to go,
Another Vehicle he had,
And might come after on his Pad.

The Angry God now vainly roars;
She was by this got out of doors,
And with *Mercurius* made her way
Through Shades to Lucid Plains of Day,
Nor stopt till at *Olimpus* Stairs
They light, where *Pluto* now prepares

To follow straight, and tast the Cheer
With the Divine Assembly there,
Which how perform'd—and what befell,
Next *Canto*, if you read—will tell.

The End of the first CANTO

CANTO

CANTO the second.

Jove's Palace on *Olympus* top,
 By more than Human Art set up,
 Aspiring o're the Clouds, that made
 On Earth below, a gloomy shade;
 With glittering Rays, divinely shone;
 Now Goddess Nature too, put on
 Her Crown, and rich Embroider'd Vest,
 In honour of this Royal Feast;
 Whilst all the rest, make hast away
 From Air and Fire, and Earth, and Sea;
 Deckt in their best and bravest trim,
 To gain the Grace of *Jove's* esteem.

Vulcan

Vulcan, as 'twas his chief desire,
He being always us'd to Fire,
Was chosen Master Cook, to dress
Th' *Ambrosia*, for his Father's Mefs,
Who bad the *Cyclops* straight prepare
To assist, as Under Scullions there;
A pleasant Figure to the sight
The limping God appear'd that Night,
His Waistcoat green, and Apron white;
The one, made by Invention nice
Of the Fig leaves of Paradise;
The other, wove from Down that grows
In the white Pidgeons of his Spouse;
With Sleeves too of the same, that lookt
As he Celestial Dishes cookt,
Like modern Bigot at a Shrine,
Dressing the Mystery Divine.

He, knowing the whole Bill of Fare,
Entirely trusted to his care,
Resolv'd, there should be nothing there,
But what was singularly nice,
And fit to treat the Deities.

First then, to the *Elyzian* Bowers,
Where Learned *Pluto* past his hours,
With grave *Pythagoras*, and th' rest,
He sends to fetch 'em to assist,
And to annul the late disgrace,
That in the World so publick was,
That all Philosophy was vain,
With every Maxim they maintain,
To prove too, spite of envious Lyes,
And Scandals daily that arise,
That they are good for something else
Than arguing upon Worms in Shells;
Telling, why Grass is always Green,
And what a Spaniel Dog does mean,
When he does turn him three times round,
Before to rest he lays him down;
He bad the Bard make ready straight
His Ideas, in a Golden Plate,
As a Choice Bit for *Jove* to eat,
And that the grave *Pythagoras*,
Whose mystick Tenet always was,
That Souls were all Corporeal made,
And sound and solid substance had,

Shou

Should for the second Course provide
Two or three Couple to be Fry'd,
That he might baffle those who thought
The Doctrine useless that he taught;
Plato with solemn Phiz declar'd,
His Dish should be with speed prepar'd,
But t'other Sage, whose loaded Scull
Was now of his own Numbers full,
Into Extreame of Passion broke,
And at the close, when *Vulcan* spoke,
Shew'd great aversion to that deed,
Saying——Souls fry'd——or fricafeed,
That had in Human Bodies been,
Tho' scapt or washt, could not be clean,
But would of Natural Reason taste,
So strong, 'twould be a fulsom Jest,
To think 'em fit, for *Jove's* repast;
That there were various kinds of Meat
Much fitter for the Gods to eat,
Which purchas'd, if they would make use
Of his Arithmetick, and choose
His noted Skill in form to place,
The same nine parcells to a Mess,
He'd Mathematically serve
The Board, and general thanks deserve,

D 3

But

But here, his rule to have explain'd,
He made such motion with his Hand,
As Disputants by custom use,
Their Sence with Grace to introduce,
He chanc'd t' overturn upon the place
A Dish that at his Elbow was,
Full of Divine Ambrosial Meats,
Set there upon the Coals to heat,

Vulcan, at sight of this, the Rage,
Pent in his Breast, could not assuage,
Choler being nat'rally rais'd higher
By constant business near the Fire;
Besides, having no gift at all
In Notions Philosophical,
He snatches up a Ladle straight,
And with three blows upon his Pate,
Made all the Mathematicks rattle
In the learn'd Bards contriving Noddle;
Dotard, cry'd he, Spawn of a School,
Thou craz'd Numerical old Fool,
I know thou fain wouldst palm on me
Thy Syllogisms and Sophistry;

But 'tis my firm belief, Odz-----ns,
Philosophers are all Poltroons,
That never did one jot of good,
But only teach Men to be leud,
Sots, Atheists, who dare aim to be,
With Maggot Whims, as wise as we;
Then as for Mathematick strains,
Or if thy Numbers plague thy Brains,
Make use ye Scarab of those rules
In th' Hall about the Chairs and Stools;
See if there are Knives, Forks and Plates,
Enough for the Invited States;
But dare not Villain contradict
What I have purpos'd to effect.

The Bard at this, shaking his Ears,
Fearing worse Anger, disappears,
Leaving the Testy Cook to do
What Inclination urg'd him to;
Who, finding the Provisions drest
Too scanty were for such a Feast,
Told *Jupiter*, he thought it good
To mingle some uncommon Food;

That 'mongst Celestial Bodies were
Some living Creatures fat and fair,
Of no consideration there,
But only crouded up the Sky,
That Planets better would supply
The Place, if they were taken thence,
Having more room to Influence,
And that 'twould much renown the Treat,
As only fit for Gods to eat;
Then added, Thus you know, Great Sir,
Humanes, when they Debauch prefer,
Oft use the Swan, the Crab, the Hare,
With other Creatures, which they breed,
And upon which, at times they feed;
Now if your Majesty would give,
To dash their Pride, your gracious leave,
And these Immortals to regale,
Would dress your *Hydra*, and your Whale,
Your Dragon too, and both your Bears,
That long have graz'd among the Stars,
The World would soon the difference prove
'Twixt Banquets there, and these above,

Jove,

The second Comick Story.

41

Jove, to the Reasons of his Son
Consenting, bad him get it done,
Who straight the Project to pursue,
Amongst th' *Cyclops* calls out two,
And *Brontus* with *Pyraemon* joyns,
From the Zodiack to take down the Signs,
Which was dispatch'd without much Toil,
And sent to Roast, to Bake, and Boil.

The hours the Pages of old Time
Had now brought on Meridian prime,
The Season proper for their Meat,
When Gods at well as Mortals eat ;
Jove, in his entertaining Gown,
His Head deckt with a Starry Crown,
And Train held up by *Ganimede*,
With *Juno* splendidly array'd,
Stood at the upper end o'th' Hall,
To grace the Guests, and welcom all,
When, as he there expecting was,
Old *Saturn* enters first the place,
With reverend look, and sober pace ;

With

With *Janus*, his old trusty Friend,
 Whom he led kindly by the Hand,
 Remembring still the Courtesy
 He shew'd him once in *Italy*,
 When some unlucky turns of State
 Compell'd the Sire to Abdicate.

With him a Troop of Gods appear'd,
 Whose Names you have already heard,
 And after them the Goddeses,
 Proceeding in their just degrees,
 A glittering Procession made,
 With old *Cybelle* at their head,
 Who now had left her wonted Dress,
 Of Cities, Towns, and Palaces,
 And in a modish Cornet was,
 Made of a Sable flower'd Gauze,
 Which gather'd underneath her Chin,
 Made her in Person, Face, and Mein,
 As some have since been heard to swear,
 The perfect reverend Figure bear
 Of her good Grace of H____n

Juno, for her with Courtly care
Had plac'd on her Right Hand a Chair,
But could no Compliments address,
Since *Venus* entred was the Place,
To whom she must her best afford,
As one most valu'd and ador'd ;
And here let every Lover's Heart
Pant, whilst renouncing Lyrick Art,
The Charmer of the Gay and Young,
That fools the Wife, and quells the Strong,
Is in harmonious Numbers sung.

† A Forehead white as *Alpine* Snows,
First Beauty's awful Glory shews,
A large blue Eye, bright as the Sun,
With liquid Lustre dazzling shone,
Whilst in her Cheeks *Aurora's* dawn
Appear'd, as when she does display
The Rosie Standard of the day.

Her Breast, the Milky Ocean, where
Two Lovely Mounts of Joy appear,

† *The Character of Venus,*

Like

Like *Scylla* and *Charybdis* plac't,
Where some are wreckt, and some are blest,
Where th' Lover Favourite of the Fates
Is led with Joy into the Streights,
And where the unlucky, fill'd with Care,
Is plung'd in bottomless despair,
With all its tempting Luxury,
Was shewn to every greedy Eye.

Each Beauteous part fails not to wound,
Her swelling Hips, Smooth, Plump, and Round,
Which Alabaster Columns prop,
White as the Snow on *Pelion's* top,
That wild Imagination led
To th' rapturing Pleasures of her Bed,
With pretty Hands and little Feet,
That made proportion more compleat,
Would force an *Anchorite* to gaze,
And baffle Poetry to praise.

Nor could her Beauty raise desire
To greater heighth than her Attire,

A Robe draphanous she wore,
With bleeding Hearts embroider'd o're,
On shining Tinsel wove so thin,
You easily might see her Skin,
Which shone from Bosom to the Knees
Like radiant *Cynthia* through the Trees.

Thus came the Queen of Amorous Joys,
The pleasure of all Hearts and Eyes,
Led by the haughty God of War,
Whose Eyes attracted now by her,
Neglected every Object there ;
When *Jove*, who knew how *Vulcan* toil'd,
For fear the Dinner should be spoil'd,
If he had in the Presence been,
And seen his Turtle thus led in,
Bad *Hermes* hold him in dispute
About the nice desert of Fruit,
And keep him from that part o'th' House,
Whilst all the Gods carest his Spouse.

With *Pallas* too, a Number came,
Who waited on that Martial Dame ;

But

But amongst all, who forward went,
Phæbus would be most complaisant,
Who, in their places, round the Hall,
Would needs salute the Ladies all;
But as he undertook the Deed
Some of the Rays about his Head,
Which in his haste he had forgot
To lay aside, were still so hot,
They, as he making Reverence was,
Had like t' have scalded *Juno's* Face,
Whom *Jove* repuls'd with frowning Brow,
Seeing her Cheeks begin to glow;
Telling him, 'twas as rashly done,
As once the Grant he gave his Son,
Who did so ill his Chariot guide,
That half the Universe was fry'd,
And *Ethiops* since as all Men view
Have had their Diabolick hue;
Adding, that if he meant to shew
His Courtly Breeding, like a Beau,
Or that the Goddesses should see
His Skill in Amorous Gallantry,
He should have put his Beams away,
And thrown himself into the Sea,

Where,

Where, at fair *Amphitrite's* Inn,
His Hostess that so long had been,
A cooling Bath should be prepar'd,
Proper to quench his flaming Beard.

Phæbus, had glow'd at this Rebuke
Had not *Aurora* kindly took
That part, and in his favour spoke;
And now, the Gods and Goddeses,
That nicely knew each others place,
In order fate along the Board,
With *Jove* at th' end, as Sovereign Lord,
Who on his Right did *Saturn* place,
As *Cybelle* on *Juno's* was,
When *Hermes* enters, brisk and gay,
The Clerk of the Kitchin for that day,
And ushers in the Golden Platters,
Carry'd by lusty Fawns and Satyrs,
All nicely cookt with Art compleat,
And furnisht with Celestial Meat.

Jove, in Regality sublime,
As Custom was in Ancient time,

Had

Had his Physician standing there,
And Jester, to abolish Care;
Wife *Esculapius* overlookt
Each Dish that Appetite provok't,
To know if Sauces, or the Meat,
Was proper for the King to eat,
Whilst *Momus* with divertive Wit,
And Satyr, did his Stomach whet,
That from the cheerful Mirth he drew,
Digestion better might ensue.

The first severe and poignant Jest
Proceeding from the Satyrist,
Was on *Prometheus*, who at Meat,
Was plac'd old *Saturn's* opposite,
Who with a Stomach sharp and keen,
As it had all his Life time been,
Was busily employ'd to bring
Conclusion to a Phenix Wing,
Discoursing also in his way
Of Tilling Land, and Corn, and Hay,
And Arts, that did so much engage
The Natives of the Golden Age.

† He told him, he was now grown Proud
Of being by the Gods allow'd,
To sit and feed on that rare Bird,
Who late himself was half devour'd,
And to a *Vulture* made a Prey,
For faucy Crimes too bad to say;
At least, as *Jove* did understand,
Who rashly took it at first Hand,
When, as it afterwards appear'd,
The real cause of what he fear'd;
Of having his creating part
Mimickt by Tricks of Human Art,
That by attracting Heavenly Fire,
A Clay form'd Carcass could inspire,
By nat'ral Judgment, only was
Th' invention of a Burning-Glass;
Which, when expos'd to *Titan's* Face,
And drawing to a point, his Rays
Had kindled a poor Sailers Tiff,
Upon the Peak of *Tenariff*;
Whose fume, *Jove* peeping through a hole,
Thought was the Breath of Human Soul,

† *Momus rallies Prometheus and Saturn.*

And caus'd that bloody horrid Slaughter
On Lights and Liver some time after ;
Then that the Reverend with the Scythe,
With whom he talkt, and was so blithe,
Was almost in the self-same Case,
Only there this distinction was,
That he had felt the Thunderers hate,
A Life for aiming to create :
And t'other, lost the Regal sway,
For Wolf-like gnawing Lives away ;
As plain appear'd by Infant's gor'd,
And numerous Brats he had devour'd ;
Adding, that tho' the fate of Kings
Oft different Successes brings,
Some abdicatng through fond Zeal,
And frenzy of bigotted Will,
That shrewdly thought they should prevail,
And knock Head forward in the Nail,
Gaining applause for pious reigns,
Tho' beating out, mean while, their Brains :
Others, for injuring the State,
The Crowd condemn and decollate ;
And some depos'd for Luxury,
Yet none so justly were as he ;

That

That tho' a *Gallian* Cham there was,
 That harrats'd the poor slavish Race,
 And yok'd them to the daily use,
 Of hard brown *Crusts*, and *Wooden Shoes*;
 Yet he his Off-spring held so dear,
 To right or wrong, he lent no Ear,
 But when the Cause was most in doubt,
 An Army brought to make it out,
 When *Saturn*, stunn'd with Sounds Ionick,
 Oraculous Nonsense *Stentrophonick*;
 Dark as an Antick *Sybil's* Punns,
 Was scar'd to eat up all his Sons,
 And had not kind his Mother been,
 For some choice marks about him seen,
 And sav'd him from his murderous spleen,
 He, like that Fowl, he seems to love,
 And chaws so well, had mumbl'd *Jove*.

Saturn, as soon as this was said,
 At th' hearing, shakt his hoary Head,
 And told him, that such faucy Jokes
 Might please, when spoke of *Vulgar Folks*,
 But wisht him now to cease harrangue,
 And rule, in his Concerns, his Tongue;

Then stroking awfully his Beard,
 Like one for rough resort prepar'd,
 Sirrah, says he, † 'tis not my Rule,
 To waste my Breath upon a Fool,
 Tho' he some hints of Hist'ry have,
 Or by Law Quirks, and Matters Grave,
 Has lin'd his insidetoo with Knave;
 But since there rudely is disclos'd,
 Some Notions about Kings depos'd,
 That seem with covert Villany
 Obliquely to reflect on me,
 I'll let this fair Assembly know
 I was, because I would be so;
 The Crimes of Men were grown so vile,
 To Govern, was not worth my while,
 I could not bear the Jarring heat,
 And Faction still amongst the great,
 The Plot and Parties, Fools and Wits,
 Or rather Knaves and Hypocrites,
 That seem'd for the Nations Interest done,
 When really 'twas for their own;
 For whosoever, that Member is,
 That gravely states, the Lands distress,

† Saturn's reply to Momus

Wishes the Government more wise,
And that they would take his advice ;
Were but the Bottom of his Heart
Perceiv'd, with its dissembling Art,
You'd find his own Concernments were
Chief cause of his Dislike and Fear ;
And not, what Patriot like, he feign'd
Regard, for what the Land sustain'd.

I hated too, the Luxury
Of some old Beaus of Quality,
Who only leud in the intent
Of Acting deeds incontinent,
To modest Reason were so Blind
To shew it bare-fac'd to Mankind.

Corrupted Justice too I loath'd,
Of some that were in Scarlet cloath'd,
Who brib'd by Medals from the Mint,
Made Circumspection strangely squint,
And through the prospect Crimes appear
Far off, should have been blazon'd near.

In short, the Mischiefs of the Age,
Improv'd by hatred, as my Rage,
And more, that they inspir'd my Son
To these Insults soon after done ;
But since the good, proceeded thence,
Which did the Golden Age commence,
The Faults that from rash Youth did grow,
I have forgotten long ago.

Momus thus snubb'd, once thought to cease,
But knowing by the Deities,
He should be mock'd for Modesty,
Renewing talk, thus made reply.

Pray pardon, Sir, my priviledge,
I meant to jest, not disoblige,
And *Terra filius*-like should be,
Prais'd, not expell'd for Raillery ;
Besides, that you may plainly see,
By things successively disclos'd,
You're not the only God expos'd ;
My Master next, I'll try to move,
Your Son here, and our Sovereign *Jove*,

This said, he reckons up the Rapes,
The several Plots and monstrous shapes,
That had employ'd his wanton hours
In prosecuting leud Amours;
Askt him, if *Alcumena's* Man
Made finer Love than *Læda's* Swan,
And why the two ingender'd Eggs
Laid in the Nest of his Intrigues,
T'improve a Frolick so debaucht,
He had not for her Supper poacht;
That *Castor*, and his Brother *Poll*,
To add one Dish more in the Hall,
Had made a better Amlett far
Then each of them did now a Star;
But above all, his Shifts and Tricks,
Of which Renown so loudly speaks,
'This fancy was believ'd most dull
His transformation to a Bull;
To Rape *Europa*, none knows how,
And *Io* that was turn'd a Cow,
To smuggle in another kind,
Shew'd Judgment whimsically blind;
When had they met with equal States,
And become naturally Mates;

The Rampant Lover, leapt his Spouse
 Like other Taurusses and Cows;
 A breed of fine Moon-Calves had been
 Produc'd of a Celestial Kin,
 By Hearersmen *Argus* to be driven,
 And graze along the Plains of Heaven.

Semele then, his rough Amour,
 And *Danaa*' with his Golden shower,
 He rips up next, nor leaves a hint
 Of all you e're have seen in Print,
 That was not now made manifest
 To Influence Satyrick jest;
 Whilst *Jove*, to shew his proper station,
 And Godhead subject to no passion,
 Stroaking the fair and curling Head
 Of his young Darling, *Ganimes*,
 Took patiently Tales so confus'd,
 And smil'd to hear himself abus'd,

From him to *Sol* the Carper flies,
 Telling him, of all Villanies
 E're Acted in this envious kind,
 His shewing *Mars* and *Venus* joyn'd,
 Whom *Vulcan* in the Net entwin'd,

Was worst, and that he should by right,
For shewing such ungenerous spite,
Be totally eclips'd of Light;
That *Jove* his Sister should prefer
And make him borrow Beams from her;
And thus from him to all the rest
The Droll with confidence address,
Whilst each was subject for his jest;
But at his naming of the Net,
Venus had certainly took pet,
(Thinking, as th' same we often see
Amongst some loose Dames of Quality,
That howe're leud in their Amours,
Their Charms have such controuling powers
That none should dare to call them Wh____,)
Had not another accident
Her Anger rais'd to large Extent,
Th' Occasion thus,——when first the Board
The Waiters had with Dishes stor'd,
Priapus, scorch'd with hot desire,
Had taken boldness to sit by her,
Who seeing, as his Eye look'd down,
Her Skin through her Transparent Gown,

Blew

Blew like a Horse, that saw his Oats,
Gazing with fierce Lacivious gloats;
Which had no doubt given rank offence,
By headlong blind Incontinence,
Had not the Goddess, with a scorn
That would admit no kind return,
Repuls'd his rudeness with a Blow
That made his Cheek and Forehead glow,
Telling him, with a haughty Air
The grace of the commanding Fair;
She was not us'd to entertain
Address of that familiar strain,
That Beauty, such as hers appear'd,
He was to know, must be rever'd,
And he that hop'd that blest Debauch,
With fear and trembling must approach;
Crawling to her bright Altar come,
Fearing denial's dreadful doom;
Then told him, to encrease his shame,
That her old Husband grew so lame
By waiting long, with patient pain,
And constant kneeling to obtain,
(A Trick, as modern Cullies say
Town Coquets use, e're since that Day,)

And that God *Mars*, whom she'd command,
If he again durst touch her Hand,
Or even but look her in th' Face,
To knock his Head off in the place ;
Still lowly courted her good Grace,
And to deserve her dear embrace,
Was warpt and Hopper-Ars'd become
By Courtly jetting out his Bum.

This said, her Eyes like Lightning flasht,
When *Jove* her fury timely gnasht,
Bidding *Priapus* straight be gone,
And by *Minerva*'s side sit down ;
Who in her Armour of Defence
Could baffle his Incontinence ;
But though the Masculine Deities,
For who can Beauty's Queen displease ;
Their Votes conjoyn'd to take her part ;
Diana, who her own Desert
For modest Virtue wisely knew,
Should challenge a superiour due ;
Blushing reply'd, that well feign'd heat
No preference from her should get,

But

But she should think her, as she ought,
The Dame that leud debauches taught,
And her pretence to Modesty,
Abus'd it to the last Degree ;
Adding, that *Priapus* had done
No more than what he well might own,
Since saucy ruffling must agree
With her Licentious quality ;
That her Companions Jilts and Bawds,
Were such a scandal to the Gods,
That tho' she them the *Graces* nam'd,
And had that noble Title sham'd,
They should in Justice punisht be,
As in the World Sublunary ;
Where the rough executing Art
Uses Phlebotomy o'th' Cart,
And that she had so vicious been,
And by such means encourag'd Sin,
That even her Beauty, that was given,
As a peculiar Grace from Heaven,
The Sons of Virtue to reward,
By honour and brave Acts prefer'd,
Who found in Wedlock Joys true rest,
Or Virgin like were chastly blest :

She had transmitted from her Spouse
And Garnisht for anothers use,
Which amongst those below, that Sin,
Had such a Vile example been,
All times accknowledge since to come
From her, the vice of Cuckoldom.

This makes, continu'd she, th' Court Dame
Kindle abroad an Amourus flame
And look on Spouse at home with shame,
Think Marriage Joys a dull fatigue,
Compar'd to th' pleasure of Intrigue;
This makes the City princkt up Tir
Behind the Counter scorn to sit,
But to a China-House repair,
Where Fops pay dear for brittle Ware,
To squat her in an Elbow Chair;
Nay, should I half the Numbers tell,
By this are influenc'd so ill,
What ancient Families reproacht,
What Wives elop'd, what Maids debaucht;
It would all Ears and Sences wound,
Receiving the Ingrateful sound ;

Nor

Nor is her Vileness satisfy'd
With the Corruptions of her Pride,
Or that she has the mortal race
Excluded from Celestial Grace,
But herein these divine Abodes,
Eadeavours to debauch the Gods,
And raises glossy Vanity,
To hope a Merit beyond me.
With soothing Smiles, and ogling Eyes,
The Preludes to Lascivious Joys,
Expects to gain more Interest,
Than I with charms divinely Chast ;
But it shall never fill my Brain,
That she can her design obtain,
The fordid Clod, whom Passion sways,
To Fading form may Altars raise,
Earth will perhaps, indulge the Leud,
But Heaven prefer the Chast and Good.

The *Cyprian* Queen, at this her Head
Some time declin'd whilst conscious red
Surmounted the triumphant pale,
So long accustomed to prevail ;

The Publiſher of Female Guilt,
An honeſt bluſh its tincture ſpilt
Upon the ſurface of her Brow,
Where the great Vein begin to glow,
Which never had appear'd till now,
And gave reſtriction to her Tongue,
From vindicating what was wrong;
But yet the Speech inveterate
A little to invalidate,
She anſwer'd, that 'twas very true,
The prize was more *Diana's* due,
For her admir'd chaſt quality,
Than e're for looſe Amours could be;
And had ſhe but contriv'd the Dames
That boated of their Virtuous flames,
With honour'd Wedlock being bleſt,
Should be good natur'd too as Chaſt,
And bear the Yoke with equal poize,
Without the Curſe of Pride or Noiſe;
She then had throughly clincht the Nail,
And no occaſion given to rail,
But by that weighty negligence,
The Curſe of Curtain Inſolence;

Oft being th' plague of Human life,
Meeting a Chast, but scolding Wife,
Who of Vexatious Virtue proud,
Became unkind, perverse and loud,
Had lessen'd so that noble grace,
That many of the mortal race,
Had fled from Conjugal embrace,
To Mistresses, their Hearts to ease,
More true, and who could better please.

And till that Article was clear,
That Wives were tender, just and dear ;
Free both from leud, and loud offence,
And a Meet-help in a proper sense,
Who with their Virtue, mixt true Love,
She should Imagine she could prove,
'Twas no such heinous Crime to rove.

And here, her Tongue being got loose,
And whetted with the late abuse,
She had invectively gone on,
Had not *Jove* bad 'em both have done,
And broach no variance in that place,
Since he design'd to toast a Glas,

And now for once an Honour do
To the new Modern whim below,
Explaining one anothers Dears,
And imitate the *Brittish* Modern Peers.

To *Iris* then he nods his Head,
For Wives and Daughters were forbid,
Who in her gaudy Colours drest,
Made finer shew than all the rest;
And in a Goblet held a quart,
Ingrav'd and wrought by curious Art,
Made too of solid Crilolite,
On which her Name was fairly writ;
He, *Janus* with the Health oblig'd,
And bad him see it fairly pledg'd,
Since as his Favourite, she might gain
Repute as C——er of the Train,
Chief Maid of Honour to his Wife,
And famous for untainted Life;
And since the *Cyprian* Goddess was,
Tho' she excell'd in charming Grace,
Defam'd for what's on Earth the Mode,
That she with borrow'd blushes glow'd;

F

Iris

Iris could now with Justice boast
 To be *the Venus of the Toast*;
 Her Skin as scorching such base skill,
 Appearing like the Limon-peel,
 With which her cautious Modesty
 Restor'd defective fragrancy.

Aurora next went round the Board,
 By *Phæbus* with such Zeal ador'd,
 He tho' each Morn he her embrac'd,
 Since from him she was forc'd to haste,
 Could not unquench, Desire subdue,
 But he must eagerly pursue,
 A Priviledge which all confess
 Peculiar to the Deities;
 And to the second Race divine,
 I mean Angelick Womankind,
 Who can with glad continuance Feast,
 On what poor *Humanes* can but Taste,
 And Appetite high rais'd can cloy
 With bliss, we scarce know we enjoy.

The third exalted Bowl of Wine
 Was Crown'd to Goddess *Proserpine*,

Whom

Whom *Hermes* gifted well to lie
For clear Complexion flatter'd high,
And would have argu'd that to veiw
Those Arch'd thick Brows of Sable hiew,
Gave delectation to the sight,
Beyond the Cheeks fam'd red and white;
Adding, that tho' his Myſtery
Had little uſe of Poetry,
And that his Genius could not raiſe
Three Couplets in his Ladies praife,
Yet in the World below, he knew
He could depend on one or two,
Who ſtraining, in fix Months could do
A Labour of that mighty kind,
Deſcribing Feature, Face and Mind,
And Form, to draw young Cullies in,
An Angel of a crooked Pin.

The Dame of Hell, tho' what was ſaid,
Enter'd but little way her Head,
Her forward Joy yet could not ſmother,
She toaſted was before her Mother,
Who likewiſe was the leſs diſpleas'd,
Believing who her Daughter prais'd,

Did by Maternal right confer
The welcome flattery on her.
Mars then, whose turn 'twas to put round
The Glas, th' Toast to *Venus* Crown'd,
Had not the limping God come in,
Who lowring with a fit o'th' Spleen
Chang'd now the Court, was made his Queen,
To *Flora*, who the Compliment,
In form receiv'd without th' intent.

This done, the rest through all Degrees
Of the Inferiour Deities,
In honour of their Mistresses,
To each bright Goddess gave applause,
And took the draught with loud huzza's.

When *Jove*, the more to advance the Joy,
Commanded *Janus* to employ
His Talent in the Tuneful Arts,
And sing the Ditty in two parts;
With Mouth behind and that before,
Which he had often heard him roar ;
When his late Glory sounded far,
Returning from the Giants War.

Janus,

Janus, when he the Sovereign heard,
To contradict the *Roman* * Bard,
And prove it a meer fallacy,
That Singers askt, will all deny ;
Yet if unaskt, will sing so long
To tire ye with each tedious Song,
When he had settled either Face,
One Mouth the treble, t'other base,
Of brave Exploits at *Phlagra* done,
With well tun'd Voices thus began.

Janus's SONG in two Parts.

YE Sons of th' Earth, in vain you get
Those Rocky Mounts, and towring Hills,
To farther your rebellious Wills,
And Pelion upon Ossa set,
In hopes with mortal force to scale,
Th' aspiring top of Heaven's Cælestial Wall.

* Horace.

*Gigantick Fools, vain is your Pigmy power,
 When Jove does from his Eagle's Foot,
 His dreadful heightning take to shoot,
 And makes his Thunder roar.*

This being sung with Comick air,
 The Tritons in the Chorus share,
 And hollow Shells with Art Divine,
 All founding, made the Confort fine,
 The Musick was so prais'd by all,
 That now *Jove* bids begin the Ball;
 And to Renown the Memory
 Of a late Ghost † of Majesty,
 Who us'd to entertain the Fair
 With solemn Steps and awful Air,
 Himself to *Juno* did present,
 And led her up a grave Courant.
Mars too, who now had fair excuse,
Vulcan being lame, his Wife to choose,
 To *Venus* humbly made address,
 Who Danc'd a Minuet with such grace,

† *King Charles the Second.*

As did the youthful Gods inspire,
And warm each Breast with Am'rous Fire.

Nor was this th' only pleasing sight,
Sol with his Sister gave delight;
But fate was most divertive found,
Who Fortune taught a *Cheshire-Round*:
And she, being often us'd to Dance
Upon a Globe's Circumference,
Most neatly tript it now, with Squeaks,
Wild Antick Turns, and Gambol Tricks;
Excelling all before was seen,
Or in the World below had been.
Musick and Dancing thus preferr'd,
Apollo, who was yet not heard,
Told 'em 'twas strange the Gods should meet,
Without some flourish of Wit;
And that he thought a Comick Farce,
With Satyr mixt, in Prose and Verse,
The Subject being proud Mankind,
Th' Assembly would most pleasant find;
Adding, that since they well did know,
The rout of stroling Apes below,

In Buskins, Socks, and Leathern Gold,
 To mimick them, had oft made bold.
 'Twou'd prove the best diversion now,
 And add to that Cœlestial shew,
 Design'd for Frolick merriment,
 Some Fools on Earth to represent,
 And with Vindictive Satyr mawl,
 Both the great Vulgar, and the Small;
 Then bowing low to *Jupiter*,
 He cry'd, I have some doubt, great Sir.
 You fear Performance in this place,
 No Wardrobe being here to dress,
 No Tinsel, nor no Copper Lace;
 But I have found for that a Cure,
 And the Diversion to ensure:
 We'll send a Muse with speed and care,
 To one does in their Profits share,
 Who's now o're Head and Ears in Scenes,
 Ropes, Pulleys, Traps, and Grand Machines,
 And ventring Radiant *Ann d' Ors*,
 For canvas'd Lawns, Beasts, Birds and Bow'rs;
 Smothering in Fringes, Tassels, Puffs,
 Brocades, and Opera shining Stuffs,

Mongst the new Shapes, to send me one
Intended for ———

Who, as 'tis ten to one, may be
Laid up with th' old Infirmary,
When he should Act your Majesty.
Voice beyond double Gammut low,
And Gout of Seventy-one in's Toe.
You e're he's fit, may Act this whim,
And with applauses Mimick him :

Or if the Project now of theirs,
Should not be gainful to the Players,
And that might hinder our Affairs,
I quickly too, can mend that breach,
For 'tis but sending to ———

My Deputy, o'th' Golden Mines,
Where *Vivitur Ingenio* shines ;
Who, if I make him understand,
By use of Spectacles, my Hand,
Since yet, scarce cancell'd are the Notes
Of Debt, for *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
Will lend a Shape out for good hire,
Shall aptly answer our desire ;
Rich Satten, of a *Scotch* true blue,
Unfollied, and as good as new.

Then

Then if we want in some great Scene,
A Gorgeous Robe to shew a Queen,
That must with Radiance vie the light,
And whose Embroidery must be right,
He soon can furnish too that dress,
By lending one fine in excess,
With which they us'd to Act Q. *Bess.*

The well pleas'd Sovereign smil'd at this,
And to th' Assembly did confess,
He lik'd th' Invention of his Son
So well, he straight would have it done ;
Then bid the Muses write with Art
Some Scenes, that each might Act a part :
When *Momus*, who this Order heard,
As one that always was prepar'd
To carp at every thing exprest,
And thought he now had found a Jest,
With wonted boldness told the King,
He oft had heard a Muse could sing,
When any Lyrick piece was shewn ;
But for Invention they had none.
Unkindled by Poetick fire,
Tho' they were gifted to inspire ;

But

But that himself and *Hermes* would,
If he commanded that they should,
Whip up a piece of Scandal straight,
On sawcy Mortals, low and great ;
A matter comical and short,
Without the pain of studying for't,
Should their exalted Genius shew,
And ridicule the Race below.

Jove gave consent, the thing was done,
And parts assign'd to every one ;
And now no difficulty came,
But how to give't a proper Name,
Which voted was, the *Muses* task,
Who by a *Heliconian* Flask
Inspir'd, propos'd the Name should be,
The Idiots of Humanity :
Or, since two Names was much in use,
The Humours of a Senate House,

For Character, t' adorn the Work,
Jove was to Act a Grand Monarch,
Tyrannick, Bloody, Rash, Unjust,
A Slave to vile Ambitious Lust,

To such degree, his boundless Pride
From Birth, rest to himself deny'd,
And plagu'd all Christendom beside.
But this the King of Gods refus'd,
Pretending they his State abus'd,
To make him play, to raise their Mirth,
The most abhorr'd of Kings on Earth;
Whom he had doom'd to be undone,
And whose destruction was begun.
Then told him, *Saturn* was most fit
To do to th' Life that piece of Wit;
Since he was us'd to be depos'd,
And had like t'other madly doz'd
Some seventy Winters in extreams
Of Mischief, and delirious Whims.

This chang'd then, a new Character
Apollo humbly does prefer,
Exalted with Imperial Grace,
And highest of the Kingly Race;
Sworn too the t'others mortal Foe,
Who late his Arms had manag'd so,

He almost had so closely prest
To get from all who did resist
The *German* Eagle, on his Fist ;
But being hindred of his will,
The *Austrian* Lip's in Fashion still.

To this *Jove* scarce knew what to say,
He had no mind to baulk the Play ;
Yet neither of the Parts were put
Did his capricious Humour suit.
The one in Blood and Rapine nurst,
By long Successes grown so curst,
It render'd him unfit to rule,
T'other a craz'd begotted Tool ;
Who Regal Qualities forgot,
To study Gammut, sharp and flat,
And brought his Scepter to as low
Repute, as his Bass-viol Bow ;
Who, when he should sign Instruments,
To quell *Hungarian* discontents,
And force the shaven Prigs to spare
Their Duckatoons, to aid the War,
Fill'd his intoxicated Pate,
With soft Adagio, and Sonnete ;

And

And leave his State deprest, to rise
By toiling Arms of Brave Allies.

But, since he was the first Crown'd Head,
And might in time be wiser made,
For once, he wou'd the Figure grace,
And represent him in that place.

To old *Cybelle* then was brought
A part, that nice State-matters taught;
The Non-parelio of her Sex,
And such a Devil at Politicks,
She Ages past, has prov'd to be
The Genius of the Grand *Louis*.
In th' Privy Council highest fate,
As having the Superiour Pate.
'Mongst th' Army too, so briskly stirr'd,
His Generals took from her the Word;
And ne're push'd any Feat in Wars,
Till influenc'd by her lucky Stars.
But now to make Prediction clear,
That th' Tyrant's fall is drawing near,
She's plagu'd with Apoplectick doze,
And can no longer charm her Foes.

This

This part propos'd, chanc'd well to please
The Mother of the Goddeses,
Suiting the Reverence of her Age,
And knowledge of the Mundane Stage;
Which she had long observ'd below,
And did so well each Actress know,
That she could Mimick even th' best,
And turn her Mouth up South South West,
When she in Comicks pleas'd your Ears,
Or would in Tragedy move Tears.

This Humour then being settled well,
The next good part to *Phæbus* fell:
A Hotspur, fated to Rebel;
Thoughtless, precipitately brave,
And to Ambition such a Slave;
His obstinacy still took place,
Beyond the welfare of his Race,
And gave his Off-spring cause betimes,
To curse their Parent's headlong Crimes.
That Element seem'd to conspire
His fall, that gave him so much fire,

As

As did th' ill-fated Clod o'refway,
And scorch for want of just allay.
From Infancy, to mellow'd Years,
His Life perpetual Scandal bears ;
Early Debauch, his Youth pursu'd,
But Manhood nourish'd Vice more lewd,
The taint of base Ingratitude.
First, by an Insolence abhorr'd,
To arm against his Sovereign Lord ;
For trivial Reasons, flight and vain ,
As his imaginary Reign,
Bohemia being vacant found,
Where oft he dreamt he should be Crown'd ;
And next, for turning from that side,
Whose National Bounty fed his Pride,
When Great *Nassaw* stretch'd *England's* Purse,
His lavish scatt'rings to disburse,
Sums rais'd in Parliamentary sway,
Which as he got, he threw away,
As Sharpers drew him on to play.
Till pushing for the Trout at last,
An *English* Hero spoil'd his Cast.

Who 'mongst his Troops such havock made,
It made him since take pay for Bread,
And tho he still some Scoundrels lead,
Broke by his Patron e're next Year,
He'll dwindle to a Grenadeer.

Some other Characters, like this,
Were drawn to fill the Tragick piece;
But those most pleasant made a Farce,
Closing the end in Burlesque Verse,
Where was compos'd a neat abuse
Upon a jangling Senate House,
Pamper'd with luscious Glebes and Gold,
Which made 'em insolently bold,
To slight true ways and means to Peace,
Tumultuous Jarrings to encrease,
Gainst one another, raising Pow'rs,
When an Arm'd Foe was at their Doors,
Who watcht like *Herns*, in plashy Bogs,
To gobble up the croaking Frogs;
When if were truly searcht the cause,
Why those wise Architects of Laws,
Destroy'd the Nations precious Peace
And slighted real Greviances,

G

You'd

You'd find the force of stubborn Will,
 The Itch of contradictive Ill,
 Resolves to shew themselves too strong
 For t'other Party, right or wrong,
 Chief cause of Feuds to high maintain'd,
 Tho' ruin'd by 't, their Native Land.

Some small parts too were given, and those }
 The Characters of Country Beaus, }
 Kitlings just taught their Ay's and No's ; }
 But fixt, in order to be bred,
 To stickle as their Parents did,
 Cajole the Court with double Faces,
 And rail themselves into good Places ;
 These were imparted to be done
 By the brisk Pages of the Sun,
 As all the bustling Senators,
 That made in th' lower World such stirs ;
 'Twixt whom the lasting Feuds did grow,
 Some for the High Church, some the Low,
 Proposing for it strange Rewards,
 Were mimickt by attending Bards ;
 But now, tho' all things order'd were,
 And th' Prologue ready to appear,

Which

Which *Hermes* quaintly did invent,
To shew his Talent eloquent,
To prove ill accident controuls
The Gods, as well as Human Souls;
It gave their high rais'd Mirth allay,
And in this manner stopt the Play.

Discord, unbidden to the Feast,
As being an unruly Guest,
Disguis'd, had cunningly stol'n in,
And given to *Fame* a fit o'th' Spleen,
By telling her, *Jove's* second Course
Belong'd to some Cœlestial Powers,
Who were affronted by that deed,
And should not on such Dishes feed;
Nor should he niggardly prepare
The Ram, the *Hydra*, or the Bear;
With other Dainties that belong'd
To those Cœlestials, whom he wrong'd,
Who now had ne'er a Sign whereby
To shew distinct Divinity;
But should have nobly giv'n the Roast,
Not treat 'em thus at their own cost;

'That if an Emblematick Sign,
 He thought was such a Dish divine,
 He might have made his Eagle bleed,
 Or th' Guests with his Wive's Peacocks feed,
 Or given his Daughter's Doves their doom,
 Who now were Billing in the Room.

This sharp Remonstrance being preferr'd,
 And now by all th' Assembly heard,
 Turn'd so the humour in a trice,
 That what was late the Scene of Joys,
 The gayest of Cœlestial Halls,
 Was fill'd with grumbling Snubs and Brawls.

The Jolly *Bachus* in his Cups
 Swore he had lost the best of Tups,
 A Symbol to him, better far
 Than all his dangling Clusters were ;
 'This *Phæbus* seconded in Rage,
 And vow'd he would no more engage,
 To travel through the Heavenly Zone,
 Since all his Landlords now were gone,
 In whose twelve Inns he us'd to bait,
 And in the Solstice recreate ;

Besides

Besides, that it a Project was,
Would bring 'em all in such disgrace,
That some o'th, sawcy Mortal Race,
(There shew'd in this, so much of Fool,)
The Gods anew would ridicule,
Since such Affronts as these were ne'r
Impos'd in any frolick there ;
Then to conclude, 'Tis just, says he,
As if amongst Nobility ;
Who Garters wear and glittering blaze,
That some fam'd Order known displays :
They sitting at some Mizers Treat
That grutcht perhaps each Bit they eat ;
The fordid Master of the House,
Fearing too freely they'd Carouse,
Should steal the *Georges* that they wore,
Of Radiant Diamonds set in Ore,
To save his Cost, and raise a Bank,
To pay for the Champaign they drank ;
This being found Authentick sence,
They all demanded recompence ;
And *Hercules* their Captain choose,
To scan and punish the abuse,

Who having from Tradition long
Been taught that Kings can do no wrong,
But that the vilest Crime of theirs,
Must turn upon their Ministers ;
Knew 'twas in vain his Club to move,
Or use his Strength to Cudgel *Jove*,
But that it would be thought more wise,
To sift who gave him that advice ;
Which was too soon for *Vulcan's* Peace,
Found out to be expressly his:
The Master Cook that bore the sway
O're all the Kitchen for that Day,
Who fearless of approaching strife,
And limping in t' observe his Wife,
Receiv'd so strong a Box o'th' Ear,
As fell'd him backward o're a Chair,
With Drubs that eccho'd round the Room,
And half a dozen Kicks o'th' Bum ;
The God of Fire, with this surprize
Amaz'd, as soon as he could rise,
Ran eagerly to Arm his Hand
With an avenging Fire-brand ;
Bringing the Cyclops from their work,
To aid him with the Tongs and Fork ;

And

And now began such boystrous Play,
 The Sun, the Patron of that Day
 Ne'r saw so terrible a Fray;
Bacchus, enrag'd to lose his Ram,
 Swore, he again would *Vulcan* lame,
 And quickly make both Legs the same;
 With Pruning Hook the Noses slit,
 And Ears of all the Foes he met;
Apollo's and *Diana's* Bows,
 Their Arrows mixt with others Blows.
Luna snatcht up her Clogs in rage,
 And close does *Proserpine* engage;
 Invet'racy being now made more
 By a small private Grudge before,
 Nor did the dreadful *Saturn* fear
 His Mortal Scyth to handle there,
 Or cut the Hams of all stood near.
 But amongst all the feirce alarm,
Mars and *Minerva* did most harm;
 She with her Lance, and he his Sword,
 Drove all the Moderns from the Board,
 Assisted by each Deity
 Of the most known Antiquity,

Till th' others scorning th' Ancients shou'd,
 With shrivell'd Hands shed so much Blood,
 Began to rally up again;
 But wanting Arms Fight to maintain,
 Pursuant to old Martial Rules,
 Attackt with weighty Chairs and Stools,
 Which at Cœlestial Heads were thrown
 As thick as Hail that rattles down;
 When angry Winter scow'rs the Coast,
 With his Artillery of Frost.

And now such dire Confusion was,
 And so much Horror fill'd the place,
 That *Jove*, whose Brain did th' rest surpass,
 Concluded it was past all doubt,
 That Discord caus'd the fatal Rout,
 Whom he at last, with Search found out,
 Under the Table, where she lay,
 Grinning to see that dismal fray;
 This tho' the Sovereign soon made known,
 Yet could not quell the strife begun;
 Blows, Buffets, Wounds, still dealing round;
 So that the Battel having found,

Remediless

Remediless, he vow'd to shew
His Power, by one deciding Blow,
And like a Master God compel
By Force, what Reason could not quell :
Amongst the Dealers then of Blows,
His dreadful Bolt he darting throws,
Whose force to finish his desire,
Compounded of Ætherial Fire ;
To Ashes straight consum'd the Hall,
And in a moment scatter'd all ;
Nor can the ablest Bard declare
Since that, what chanc'd to any there.

As for my self, let th' Reader note,
Who's Curious, why this Tale I wrote,
That there's a Moral in the Case,
And if these Gods in their leud dress,
As th' Ancients do their State Express,
In any Breast opinion get,
Beyond what to gay Mirth is fit ;
A Crew of powerless Deities,
Shewn here to laugh at, as you please ;
That Person shall be thought as one,
Whom frenzy has so o're-run,

He

He thinks it great repute to be
A Coxcomb, with Antiquity ;
The hint, as here it takes its place,
I gather'd from *Pythagoras*,
And if I hence some fame aquire
For keeping up the Theme entire,
Tet varying the Instructive work,
Still as each Satyr gives a jerk,
I care not if I Fools offend,
Since mellow'd Judgements will comend.

He at commencement of the Fray,
Through the wide Portal took his way,
And finding there the Radiant Bow,
The Ladder of the Gods you know,
Reaching from Heaven to Earth below ;
He actively descended there,
Where have sojourned for a year,
Once on a time occasion saw
To turn himself to a Jackdaw,
As when he formerly was there,
He had before to *Canticleer*.

It chanc'd as through the Town I past,
My Eye upon his Cage I cast ;
And in his gay pert comick mein,
Found what before I ne're had seen ;
Which urg'd me of the Birdseller,
To purchase *John* Philosopher ;
And when to my own House I came,
Carest, stroke, fed and made him tame ;
And sometimes, Appetite to please,
Gave him nice bits of new soft Cheese,
And often to regale with Fruit
Cherries and Courants too to boot ;
Which love he gratefully return'd,
By shewing me he Thieving scorn'd,
Leaving the Basket as it was,
Contrary to the rest of Daws ;
At last, to make his Case be shewn,
And his strange Transformation known,
One night as in my Room I fate,
Chewing the Cud of uncouth Fate,
My Jack upon some Paper skipt,
And Bill into my Standish dipt ;

There

There scribbl'd out in Female scrawl;
The Banquet of the Gods, their brawl,
And every thing that did befall;
Which perfected this learned Bird,
Not willing longer to afford,
More Pleasure, or my Joy renew,
Out through my open'd Window flew;
Leaving me to engross each Page,
And give this Story to the Age.

FINIS

Titus and Gissippus:

OR, THE

POWER

OF

FRIENDSHIP.

A Moral Story,

In Heroick Verse.

Done from a Hint out of the *Italian*
Prose of the Famous *Boccace*.

Concluding with a Supplement, alluding to
the Queens late Gracious Speech,
Exhorting all to Amity:

And-most humbly dedicated to her

Most Excellent Majesty.

THE AND C. APPENDIX

OF THE

POWER

OF

FRINDSHIP

A MORAL STORY,

IN HEROIC VERSE.

Done from a fine out of the Italian
Tale of the same name.

Containing a new and striking
Illustration of the same.

As also a variety of other

Moral Experiments.

TITUS and GISSIPPUS:

O R,

The Power of Friendship.

The First Moral Story.

WHen fam'd *Augustus* did *Rome's* Empire bless,
And Arts and Arms were in their fairest
(dress,

An Old Patrician, *Quintus Fulvius* nam'd ;
For Ancient Stock, and mellow'd Judgment fam'd,
Was held in high repute, who, that his days
Might end in Joy, great, as his well-got praise ;

K

One

One Son had to succeed him, *Titus* call'd,
For rip'ning Virtues valu'd and extoll'd ;
Whom for Instruction, he to *Athens* sent ;
Athens, the Queen of the learn'd Continent :
Where doles of Science were each day receiv'd,
And his true Friend, the Noble *Chremes* liv'd.

Chremes, th' Associate of his former prime,
Was blest too, with a Son, whose youthful time
In artful Studies there had long been train'd,
And now had full Meridian lustre gain'd.

Delighted were the hours, and swift they flew,
To tell the World, the Love between these two ;
The perfect Friendship, from which neither swerv'd,
And which each still Religiously observ'd :
For, as their Studies in Philosophy
United, rose to a renown'd degree,
From that effect, fresh cause of Friendship grew,
And both the better to maintain it knew.

But Accident, the blast of envious Time,
Tho Pleasures were uncommonly sublime,

Soon

Soon brought a sharp Allay to change their state,
 By giving the lov'd life of *Chremes*, date ;
 Whose sudden Death *Gissippus* truly mourn'd ;
 Nor were by *Titus*, his kind Acts return'd
 With slight acknowledgment, but real Tears ;
 Who with his Friend, the unfeign'd Sable wears ;
 The dress of Woe, for that dear Parent shown,
 With as much Grief as if he were his own.
 And as in Musick's Art, a double sound
 From Union, the Ear does sweetly wound :
 So here, the tuneful concord of the parts,
 In charming Diapazon mov'd both Hearts.

But now, this Filial Sorrow to abate,
 And Youthful Joys again to reinstate ;
 After some days of Decency past o're,
 When dropping Eyes had wasted all their store,
 The Friends of young *Gissippus* jointly met,
 Consulting the advantage of his state,
 Propos'd to him a Wife, Noble, and Fair,
 Her Name *Sophronia*, a Rich *Grecian's* Heir ;
 For Wit, and Virtue too, beyond compare :
 With whom he may enlarge their Ancient Race,
 And with the best of Joys crown future days.

The happy Youth, whose Blood ran brisk and
(warm
Whose Am'rous Heart too, Beauty most cou'd charm
Lets the desire of his Relations sway,
And to the Fair, a Visit means to pay,
With *Titus*, his dear Brother, who must joyn
Advice with these, and crown the blest design.

The day came on, and gracious seem'd the hour
That gave a birth to this Divine Amour :
Like *Phaeton* new deckt the Virgin shone,
With only her own Native Glories on ;
Whose piercing Rays effectually did move,
And in *Gissippus* kindle ardent Love.

And now there needs no Advocate to plead,
Sophronia's Eyes alone had done the deed ;
To his dear *Titus* he his liking breaks,
And answers his consent before he speaks,
Finding a sullen Spleen his Friend devour,
That suited not the pleasure of that hour.

But this gives no occasion for a pause,
Nor has he leisure now to ask the cause ;
His Soul is taken up with the demands
Of grave Relations, about settling Lands ;
Th' Estate to fix before their Hands they joyn,
And this he seems impatient too to sign,
As counting they were tedious in delays,
Tho they resolv'd the match within three days ;
Mean while they to respective homes repair,
To dress the Bride with costly Art and Care ;
All highly pleas'd approaching Joy to share.

All those, I mean, that near Relation claim'd,
And for *Athenian* Ancestry were fam'd.
Young *Titus* was not to *Sophronia* kin ;
And tho he all his former Life had bin
A true and faithful Friend, yet in this case
Could not th' Expected forward Joy express,
Nor to *Gissippus* shew a smiling Face ;
When swelling discontents did overflow
His throbbing Heart, and fill his Breast with woe.

170
Titus and Gissippus : Or,

Sophronia's Charms, in spite of Friendship's tyes,
His Soul had Captiv'd, by a quick Surprize;
The Breach was made before he could defend,
Or Manly Reason proper Succours lend.

And now, whilst all with pleasure homeward
(haste,
The wretched *Titus* has no place of rest;
His House, his Bed, his Couch is nauseous grown,
And only proper to Indulge his moan;
Which in a Tempest of loud Sighs he vents,
O'rewhelm'd with Soul-afflicting discontents.

Worst of thy kind, he cry'd, and in thy state,
More wretched than the vilest Reprobate:
The Wild *Banditti*, who his Vagrant Trade,
By Custom has a second Nature made;
Howe're Injurious is his base design,
'Tis but a trifle, when compar'd to thine:
He robs the Passenger of Gold he bears,
And since unknown, regards not Sighs nor Tears;
But to far greater ills thy Passions tend,
He robs a Stranger, but thou robst thy Friend:

One's but depriv'd of some small means for Life,
But t'other of his chiefest all, his Wife ;
And prov'ft, tho in thy Truth his Peace depends,
His worst of Foes, tho seeming best of Friends.
Call then, abandon'd Reason to thy Aid,
Subdue Desire, that Friendship has betray'd.
Gissippus breaks no bonds of Amity,
Nor has least doubt of a defect in thee :
Wrong not a Trust then of that sacred note,
Nor let thy Appetite thy Virtue blot ;
Sophronia's Face is but a fading Joy,
Friendship, a grace which Time can ne'r destroy ;
One, Am'rous Fancy only can controul,
T'other Perfection, nobly rules the Soul ;
And Jarring Atoms does in Union bind,
Which, fixt by Honour, must be paid in kind,
And not with wrongs, may so destructive prove,
To blast the Fruit of a Cœlestial Love.
Think, she thou covetest is anothers right,
Thy Friend, to whom she does her Promise plight ;
A Sacred Vow, Connubial Chains to wear,
Partaking equal Pleasure, equal Care :
Nor canst thou Wedlock's Knot seek to untye,
Without the taint of odious Infamy.

Titus then design a Deed so base ?
 I, long honour'd with a Noble Race,
 The Sacred Trophies of our House deface ?
 No, rowling Seas shall cease to ebb and flow,
 Revolving years, no more their Seasons know ;
 The Sun forget to shine, the Plants to grow ;
 E're lov'd Gissippus, th' Soul of Verity,
 And perfect Faith, shall be deceiv'd in me.

What rests then, but to quell this baleful Ill ;
 This fatal Spotted Feaver of the Will ;
 This Pest, that dearest Friendship would destroy,
 And either cure it, or resolve to dye :
 Despair is easier than what must ensue,
 And Death, much milder Mischief of the two.
 This brave Resolve, perform'd as well as said,
 The Noble Titus, a true Roman bred,
 With painful struggling, tries to bend his Will,
 And heal with Reason his Infectious Ill ;
 Visits his Friend, who begs to know his ail,
 Seeing his Cheek wear an unwonted pale ;
 Whom with a slight excuse he still puts off
 Head-ach or Cold, then with a forc'd-out Laugh,

Endea.

Endeavours all he can to change discourse,
And please *Gissippus* with his new Amours ;
Nor fails he from Diversions to seek aid ;
Plays, Balls, or where the sprightly Cavalcade,
The Sons of War, make midnight merriments,
Adoring *Bacchus* in his Joyful Tents,
He haunts, in hopes to give a rout entire
To this Insulting God of fierce Desire.

But as the Wretch whom a hot Fever burns,
In seeking rest still vainly rolls and turns ;
Can taste no Dish, nor Wine, tho ne'r so pure,
His Friends that kindly visit, Wishe fewer,
And scarcely his Physician can endure. }
So now the hapless love-pin'd *Titus* fares ;
The Conqu'ring Foe that in his Breast he bears,
O'recomes his weak defence, and Reason's aid :
The Tyrant Love resolves to be obey'd :
The Beauteous Med'cine in right kind to have,
Or bring the stubborn Victim to the Grave.

In this distress his Bed at last he takes,
And plung'd in deep Despair, all Mirth forsakes ;

Prest

For sportive Joy his Griets too heavy grow ;
 Prest downward still, by inward weight of woe,
 Which new alarms his Friends, and 'mongst the rest,
Gissippus bears most Sorrow in his Breast.

That Generous Friend, who had put off the day
 When he to *Hymen* should his Tribute pay,
 In hopes his dear affected *Titus* might
 Be chiefest Ornament of that blest Night:

But ah, instead of this, the whole discourse
 That fills his Ears, and gives his Care new force,
 Is that his Darling Friend grows worse and worse.
 And 'mongst the Sons of Art attending, one,
 That to restore him had most Judgment shewn,
 Declar'd he ne'r from Drugs relief could find,
 His, being a fatal Sicknes of the Mind ;
 Some inward Grief, that on his Vitals prey'd,
 And all their study'd Med'cines useles made.

Gissippus, startled at the News he hears,
 To hapless *Titus* instantly repairs,
 Where on his Bed, kissing his languid Cheek,
 After he had entreated leave to speak,
 He urges what the Doctor had explain'd,
 And pressing close his cold and wither'd Hand,

Conjures him by their Friendships Sacred tye,
The great Controller ev'n of Destiny ;
By all their Pleasures past, when smiling Fate
Decreed the precious minutes fortunate :
Nay more, if he yet own'd himself his Friend,
And did not wrongfully a breach intend,
To utter instantly his smother'd woe,
And real cause of his Distemper shew.

The dying *Titus*, who his Friend in Tears
Dimly beholds, and this Injunction hears,
With a superiour Grief is now possest,
His own, and Friends Afflictions wound his Breast,
And his full Heart with doubled Torment swell,
Loth to deny, and yet asham'd to tell ;
Till noting, that his Friend conjur'd him by
The Sacred Vow of their blest Amity,
Reflecting too, on his Resolve to Dye,
With fainting Speech, and Eyes fresh running o're,
He tells the Love he to *Sophronia* bore ;
And that, Unjust Immoderate Passion was,
Deserv'dly of his present Ruine, cause :
Then turning to his Friend, Believe he cry'd,
Thou matchless Youth, my former time's chief Pride,

Had

Had I not known my self condemn'd to dye,
By Fate, for this unfriendly Villany,
This hated Secret had been mine alone,
Which thy now tainted Ears had never known.

And here a flood of briny Sorrow stopt
Proceeding words, his trembling Hand too dropt
From that it late had seiz'd on, from his Friend.
But, oh ! How can the Thoughts confus'd, be penn'd
Of sad *Gissippus*, having heard the Truth,
In plain Confession from the dying Youth.

As different qualities of Fire and Ice,
By Chance conjoyn'd, in fierce Contention rise,
The Hot Invader, naturally bold,
With eager fury, pressing on the Cold,
And is by that Vindictive Foe repell'd,
Till the most powerful makes the weaker yield.
So Passions now *Gissippus* strongly move,
The first of Friendship, and the last of Love :
Sophronia's rare Perfections now charm more,
In this dire Exigent, than e're before ;
Her Beauty charms his Heart, her Wit his Brain,
And even his very Soul her grateful Mein ;

Each thought is still to her Advantage crown'd,
And every minute brings new Darts to wound.
But then on *Titus* when his Eyes he cast,
And fear'd each crowding Sigh might be his last:
In his pale meager Cheeks saw Youths decay,
And found his Pulse just ebbing Life away ;
By Sacred Friendship's Inspiration blest,
A while he paus'd, to ponder which was best:
To lose the Pleasure of a peerless Wife,
And nobly save a Friends unvalu'd Life;
Or to indulge himself with Beauty's Treat,
And leave despairing *Titus* to his Fate.

Sharp was the Combat, tho but short the space,
The case of *Titus* won't admit delays :
Now then the brave *Gissippus* means to try
The highest point of Sacred Amity:
He knew another Virgin might be found,
Of Beauty rare, for Virtue too renown'd,
Whom *Athens* to his Arms might recommend,
But never cou'd restore him such a Friend ;
Love's Votaries were many, fair and true ;
But Friendship's very rare, and very few.

Con-

Confirm'd in this, he thought it fit to haste,
 Of Comfort, now, to give his Friend a Taste;
 And therefore thus, with free and cheerful look,
 His Generous Resolution boldly spoke.

Best lov'd of Men, 'tis now a proper hour,
 Of Friendship's Sacred Law to shew the Power;
 And by some quick redress to ease that Grief,
 Which, as appears, has need of such relief;
 Cheer then thy fainting Heart, thy hopes revive,
 Regain thy Strength, *Gissippus* bids thee live:
 He, on whose Breath depends thy Destiny,
 Pronounces loud, Kind *Titus* shall not Dye;
 Tho fair *Sophronia* is with Graces crown'd,
 Tho Qualities like hers are seldom found,
 Tho Beauty's Charms are precious to my Soul,
 Seraphick Friendship still does more controul;
 Soars more exalted to a pitch Divine,
 Has Joy more tender, and does brighter shine.
 Thus, whilst Ambitious Nations seek to raise,
 By fatal Variance their short-dated Praise:
 Tho Golden Interest bears such high regard,
 That Life's a worthless Trifle, when compar'd:

Gissippus shall by one Brave Action try
To reinstate forgotten Amity ;
And by Example shown the Noble few,
With glad Success, the Golden Age renew.

Once more then, oh my Soul's much better part,
Live to enjoy the Fruits of thy Desert.
Live, that thy Right may justly be possess'd,
In fair *Sophronia*, since thou lov'st her best :
My Heart cou'd only tender offers make,
But thou, frank Gamester, sett'st thy Life at stake,
And for that matchless venture 'tis decreed :
By awful Fate, thou only shalt succeed ;
Superiour merit must take place of mine,
She's won by Love, and freely I resign ;
Not but I know the price of such a Gem,
And value it should bear, in my Esteem.
Own the Perfection that does all surpass,
And have severe Reflection on my loss ;
But as it does in Competition stand
With the rich safety of so dear a Friend,
The darling Sweet of Love's a fleeting Joy,
And charming Womankind a Childish Toy,

Now

Now then. since thy *Gissippus* has declar'd
This Truth, and thou his just Resolve hast heard
Since by the Fates, as well as his Decree,
Sophronia's Beauty is transferr'd to thee,
And does by just exchange my Life maintain,
Which, without saving thine, would waste in pain
Call back thy Spirits to their Offices,
And let thy bloodless Cheeks fresh Colour grace;
Let Golden Hope thy Nerves and Sinews warm,
And Love in Prospect Vital Powers Alarm;
And let that precious Health return with Joy,
Which at such vast uncommon rate I buy.

Oh! Mighty Love, who Honours not thy
(Shrine

Who, amongst all the dreaded Pow'rs divine,
Can justifie a Power to equal thine.
The very superficies of the Joy,
Ev'n airy Hope can fatal Fear destroy;
Titus receives it, as a Cordial Draught,
Which at last gasp, his kind Physician brought,
Whose look already alteration made,
But much more the restoring words he said:

As Winter Snow, when *Phæbus* does appear,
 So now began to thaw, his cold Despair ;
 But to his Soul, when thought did recommend
 The strange unpattern'd Bounty of his Friend,
 Who made a Present of his Charming Bride,
 The Sovereign Balm, which wanting, he had dy'd ;
 And of Transporting Joys himself depriv'd,
 To make his future Comforts longer liv'd ;
 A Glowing Shame then tinctures his pale Face,
 And bids his Tongue deny the offer'd Grace,
 Since far above the nature of Redress.

But Brave *Gissippus* cuts off all Excuse,
 His word was past, nor must his Friend refuse ;
 He only begs him to repair Decay,
 And for the rest he'll soon contrive the way :
 This said, with fresh Endearments they embrace,
 Hands clasp with Hands, and Face is joyn'd to Face,
 Both Hearts were panting with a mutual Love,
 Which both by Eager Actions strove to prove.
 And now, *Gissippus* being oblig'd to part,
 Once more engaging *Titus* to take Heart,
 Th' Injunction causes such effectual power,
 The Raging Feaver ceases from that hour ;

His Cheeks grow Rosie, with returning Blood;
 And now too, he begins to think of Food :
 Flesh new Created, plumps the shrivell'd Skin,
 And shapeless Bones appear like Legs again ;
 So much had Joy encourag'd Health's increase,
 The wonder was made perfect in few days :
 Disease is banisht, Appetite succeeds,
 And now the Patient no Physician needs :
 Besides, t' establish his expected Bliss,
 His dear *Gissippus*, faithful to excess,
 This Plot contriv'd, to make him fully blest,
 And chiefest Patron at the Wedding Feast.

A Custom old, as Laws of *Athens* were,
 Impos'd a Rule on every Married Pair,
 The Bridegroom in the dark to wed the Bride ;
 Who, as he there lay by her trembling side,
 Must on her Finger fix a Ring of Gold,
 A Mystick Symbol of to have and hold ;
 Which, with some solemn words in private said,
 Still Justify'd the Matrimonial Bed :
Gissippus was the happy man design'd
 The fair *Sophronia* as his own to bind ;

But

But he, late Vows confirming, chang'd the case,
And sends enamour'd *Titus* in his place,
To revel in the Heaven of her Embrace.
The hour being come, the Bridal Friends all gone,
And the Intended Couple left alone,
Soon as the Bride was gently laid in Bed,
Gissippus ushers *Titus* in his stead;
Encourag'd by the Night's Obscurity,
But more his unexampled Amity.

Immortal Friendship, when was thy Renown,
In all our pristine Ages nobler shown;
Returns of Gratitude are frequent known:
Kindness t' engage reciprocal Good Deeds,
Twixt Man and Man, no cause of Wonder needs;
But Charming Beauty offer'd by a Friend,
That Prize, that still the dearest makes contend,
That Gem, which when disputed for, all tyes
Cuts off amongst the neatest Families:
That spares not Kindred, but makes Brothers fight;
As once did *Pallamon* with Brave *Arcite*,
Whose Tale great *Chancer* does with labour write.
To make a Gift, and liberally resign,
Could come, *Gissippus*, from no Hand but thine.

Titus the blest effects now finds with Joy,
 The Transports of whose Soul are rais'd so high,
 He scarce has Life to ask the Question right,
 Or take her Answer that the Vow must plight:
 Large was the payment for all former Cares,
 For Soul-afflicting Sighs, and flowing Tears:
Sophronia's circling Arms has banisht Woe,
 And all past Grievs sunk to Oblivion now.

The happy Minutes loyter'd out their Time,
 As loth to finish Raptures so sublime.

Titus was lost in Joys transcending great;
 Nor found the Bride a fault in the deceit;
 But forc'd at last by Sleep, and Love's soft Charms,
 To lock her Sences in her Husband's Arms,
 She gently lets a welcome Slumber sway;
 Nor wak'd till *Sol* had lighted up the Day.

But then, as in some History of Old,
 Where Goblin feats, and Magick Tales are told,
 Some sleeping Princess is by Art convey'd,
 And in a Hero's Bower remotely laid;

Who

Who, as (the Tale goes on) in wild amaze,
Just waking, starts, and wondring at the Face,
Struggles to quit the undesir'd Embrace ;
So, with our new-made Bride this hour it fares,
A wondrous Vision to her sight appears,
That racks her troubled fancy with Extreame,
She looks on *Titus*, but she hopes she Dreams ;
Love's Kind Effects she had no cause to blame,
The Man was alter'd, but the Love the same ;
Yet was she with the worst Confusion pain'd,
Till *Titus* the strange Riddle had explain'd :
Which hearing, from the Bed she strove to haste,
Glowing with Shame, to think on what had past ;
Whom, as she struggled, he still held more fast ;
And with his best of Rhetorick, in her Ear,
Whispers his Love, his Sicknes and Despair ;
His Friends most Generous Deed, to save his Life,
By thus betraying her to be his Wife :
And at these words, spoke with a trickling Eye,
Gissippus, who was early up, and nigh,
Enters the Room, to wish the Lovers Joy :
Who, humbly to *Sophronia* kneeling down,
Perceiving she was Arming with a Frown,
With guilty Trembling does her Pardon sue,
Owning what late his Friendship made him do.

But ah, in vain was his Submission paid,
Soptronia was with her Surprize half dead :
 From her bright Eyes fierce Rays of Anger shoot,
 They scatter'd Lightning, tho her Tongue was
 (mute ;

And as that fatal Elemental blast,
 Sometimes commission'd with destructive haste,
 Darting around consuming Power employs,
 With dreadful Execution, but no Noise ;
 So strong Resentment plain you might descry,
 Tho guiltless of the Shrewish faculty,
 Charging *Gissippus* with vile Treachery ;
 Who now with eager Action strives to plead
 The great Necessity that urg'd the Deed ;
 First tells the weighty cause, his Friends distress,
 Whose Life had perisht, wanting that redress ;
 Nor spares to hint his own unwillingness,
 Nor to extol her Merit to the Sky,
 Whose value Kingdoms had not Wealth to buy :
 And lastly, told her, tho his rugged Fate
 Had made him in that point unfortunate ;
 Tho his own loss he hardly could sustain,
 Yet his Misfortune was her double Gain ;

Since

Since she atchiev'd a Treasure in his Friend,
Excelling far whate're he could pretend ;
Then with a Fervour, which his Voice did raise,
He dresses *Titus* in uncommon Praise ;
His Solid Judgment, Wit, and Manly Grace ;
His Charming Temper, and his Noble Race :
And to conclude, his matchless Friendship told,
In such a strain that *Titus* bid him hold ;
And blushing, pray'd him his Discourse to cease,
Which only on that subject could displease ;
Yet could not this deter his Gen'rous Friend
From finding still some Virtue to commend,
To such degree, that ev'n *Sophronia's* Ear
Was Charm'd, that wondrous Character to hear ;
Which, tho it could not make her Grief retire,
Gave it howe're a check from rising higher,
And as the case stood, made her hope at last,
The future hours would yet atone for past :
Musing on this, she calmly e're she rose,
A Promise gave, to keep the Secret close ;
And that no Action, the next day, should shew
Resentment, that her Friends the truth might know :
Who, as she fear'd, urg'd by some selfish cause,
Would in their Rage, revenge by Arms or Laws :

For, having well consider'd, tho the change
 Impos'd on her that Night was very strange,
 Yet when she *Titus* mildly had survey'd,
 And heard th' Encomium by *Gissippus* made ;
 When she reflected too, on Minutes gone,
 And t'hat she could not hinder what was done,
 Wise Moderation, taught by patient Skill,
 She thought most proper for the present ill ;
 Therefore resolv'd, since Fate had so decreed,
 To love young *Titus* in the others stead ;
 Which thenceforth was improv'd with mutual Joy,
 And now each Night they meet with Extasie ;
 The Friends not knowing yet the fallacy.

But Fortune, in her wavering state unblest,
 Ordain'd this Happiness not long to last ;
 Since News was brought that * *Publius* at *Rome*,
 Bent with old Age, was call'd to his last home ;
 And decency young *Titus* must constrain
 To pay Attendance 'mongst the Funeral Train.
 Pernicious was this Cross, by Fate assign'd ;
 He cannot leave his dear lov'd Spouse behind,
 Since now they were one Body and one Mind :

* The Father of *Titus*.

Nor take her from her kind Relations Eyes,
Without the Circumstance of strange Surprize.
Revolving thus, with Care he spent each day,
Yet could at last find out no other way,
But that the Marriage Secret must be known,
Since great Occasions press him to be gone :
Which when resolv'd, he now defers the time
No longer, but next day relates the Crime ;
And with *Gissippus* the whole Plot unwove,
Caus'd by true Friendship and distressful Love :
Begging their gentle suffrage of the deed,
Since 'twas beyond all thought he could recede.
But they, who wildly on each other gaze,
As soon as e're reliev'd from their amaze,
With cloudy looks, foretelling Tempests near,
Joyntly express dislike of what they hear,
All voting the Affront too great to bear ;
Then vow Revenge the matter should decide,
And right the Wrongs done the defrauded Bride.
But *Titus*, whose true Nobleness of Mind
Was neither to base Acts, nor Fear inclin'd,
At a set meeting, the ensuing day,
Resolv'd in an Oration to display

The

The solid Reasons for late Actions done,
 Applaud his Friend's, and Vindicate his own.

Within a Temple then, of famous note,
 Where Rules were taught, the Learned Ancients
 (wrote,
 High on a *Tripas* mounted, to the Throng
 He thus began his Speech, with Fluent Tongue.

* If Sacred Friendship, like a common good,
 Oft us'd below, cou'd be by Time subdu'd,
 Or did by drossy Int'rest leave a Stain,
 To make it found and known the Slave of Gain,
 This best of Men, *Gissippus*, then might be
 Accus'd deserv'dly, of the Infamy,
 Of having vilely Injur'd, and Betray'd,
 By Brutal Fallacy, a Virtuous Maid :
 But know, ye Men of *Athens*, such a Grace,
 Was only giv'n to a peculiar Race,
 Who were from all Eternity ordain'd
 To glory in the Sacred Name of Friend :

* The Oration of Titus, in behalf of himself and Gissippus, to his own
 and Sophronia's Relations.

And as from Heav'n its Divine Nature springs,
Tis prov'd by Acting rare uncommon things;
As here in this late turn of Fate appears,
For which my Soul such Obligation bears :
The Debt I owe this Miracle of Friends,
Did not my Hearts return make some amends,
Would make me Bankrupt any other way,
Fortune not having power to repay :
The Treasure of all Crowns below the Sky,
Compil'd, would be too mean to gratifie.
The Mines dull Honesty may Gold ensure,
But Coyn of Souls is Metal far more pure ;
'Tis of Cœlestial nature, which refin'd,
Receives vast summs, and pays 'em off in kind.
Nor is't to me a wonder, you have shewn
This great regret, for matters lately done ;
Since Providence ne'r doom'd your Hearts to be
Touch'd with the Charming Grace of Amity ;
Life, or the peace of Souls, are to your Sence
Plac'd on the Confines of Indifference :
But Brave *Gissippus*, made of Nobler Mould,
When fierce Disease my Faculties controul'd ;
When baleful Love infected so my Blood,
To force a longing for my Friends chief good,

Prest

Prest me with strong, unjust Necessity,
Which wasted Nature to the last degree ;
Then did this matchless Founder of my Bliss,
At th' price of his own dearest Happiness ;
At price of losing Virtue, Beauty, Wit,
At such a Price, as ne'r before was set,
Reprieve his poor Delinquent from the Grave,
And Godlike, ev'n destroy'd Himself, to Save.
If then my Heart Neglect ungrateful shews,
And fails t' acknowledge the great Debt it owes ;
Or if this Life, he lately did redeem,
I e're shall scruple to lay down for him ;
Or cease performing Tender Offices,
That can promote his lasting Happiness,
Hoot me, August *Athenians*, from your Sight,
A Monster hideous as the Bird of Night.
But if the Generous Character of Friend,
Fair and unfullied, is by me maintain'd,
Why have ye murmur'd so, and why complain'd ?
For 'tis *Gissippus* only I have wrong'd :
And tho Abuse of me, is loudly Tongu'd :
That, I despise ; but you have Slander'd him,
Whom I can prove you highly should Esteem :

And

And for a Benefit late done your Race,
His Merit in your greatest Favour place.
For if *Sophronia's* wife Relations here,
By Reason led, think the Position clear,
That she's considerately best bestow'd,
On one of greatest Wealth, and Noblest Blood :
Gissippus, and not they, has done that Grace,
My Wealth being more, and Nobler too my Race :
And as he thus adds to your Ancient Name,
So, you'll in other cases find the same.
Here then, since th' nature of my Cause must raise
In Argument some notions of self-praise ;]
Which once the Wise *Quintillian* Reason thought ;
I must entreat you to excuse the Fault,
Desert being oft obscur'd, and hid in doubt,
Which only the praise-worthy can make out.

You gave *Sophronia* to a man of Parts,
A wise Philosopher, well skill'd in Arts ;
Gissippus gave her to a Scholar too,
Soaring in Sciences beyond his View :
Nor will he any Contradictions make,
Of what he now, with Reason, hears me speak.

You,

You, to one born in *Athens* gave the Fair.
Athens, for darling Arts fam'd every where :
Gissippus, to a Patriot of *Rome*,
 Relign'd the Beauty in her Virgin Bloom :
 Triumphant *Rome*, Illustrious in her Name.
 For Arts and Arms too, of much greater Fame :
 Lastly, as you the precious Charmer gave
 To a kind Lover, and her Beauties Slave ;
Gissippus do'd her to one lov'd her more ;
 Had fiercer Flames, and stronger Fetters wore.

What rash *Athenian* then can blame my Friend,
 Or justly his late Action discommend.
 You'll say perhaps the thing is not so bad,
 As th' manner and the way she was betray'd :
 But he's a simple Lover does not know,
 Love does all ways to gain the Fair allow ;
 All Stratagems, to breach of highest Trust ;
 Nay, often the height of all Deceit, is just.
 Yet tho this Project of my Friend's and mine,
 As I could wish, compleated my Design ;
 Tho my soft Voice deceiv'd her Ear, and Night,
 The perfect Friend of Love, deceiv'd her Sight ;
 Yet were the Mystick Words distinctly said,
 That must confirm the Honourable Bed :

Lucky

Yet this Transaction, tho' in Nature good,
Betwixt my Friend and you stirs mortal feud ;
Strong groundless Hatred you against him bear ;
Which will receive addition, when you hear,
My Father, having late surrendred Life,
I must, with me to *Rome* convey my Wife :
Some great occasions pressing my return,
As well as Filial Decency, to Mourn.
Resume your Judgment then, and weigh the case,
My Friend's firm Amity, my Life's Distress :
Reflect upon my Wealth, and high Degree, ;
That gives more Credit to your Family.
But chiefly all consider, that 'tis done ;
That Profit, by th' Alliance, may be won ;
But means to hinder or evade it, none.
This, if perform'd, will fix our Families,
And prove a good to our Posterities :
And when *Rome's* Chiefs their Complements shall
(send,
You'll then *Sophronia's* Change, and me commend,
And for his Generous Act applaud my Friend.

This

This said, with awful Air he clos'd his Speech;
And to *Gissippus* his kind Hand does reach;
Which, seconded with close Embrace, implies
Secure defence against all Enemies.

The Hearers were with diff'rent Passions seiz'd,
Some byass'd by Design, and others pleas'd;
Till, all consulting, they at last Decreed,
Since there was no retrieving the past Deed,
To give allowance to an Accident,

Which was beyond their power to prevent;
The Kindred of *Sophronia*, after thought
Of what Addition to their House was brought,
Attend the Bride in State to her own home,
And grant her their Consent to pass to *Rome*:
Lord *Titus*, honouring their Household Coat
With a *Patricians*, of Illustrious note.

Now then, the Time obliging him to haste,
To tell the Reader what Endearments past;
What Promises, what Vows the Friends repeat,
That their firm Faith should bear Perpetual Date;
Imagination better can express,

Than the best Artist in Poetick Dress.

And

And now the Chariot hurries 'em away,]
 A Chance *Gissippus* can but ill obey;
 Philosophy is almost us'd in vain,
 And Patient *Seneca* is read with pain;
 So strongly is his Heart to *Titus* ty'd,
 And so severe the Stroke that must divide.
 Thus, for some months these new afflictions press;
 When more, soon after heighten his Distress;
 Which makes that Saying be Authentick known,
 That one Misfortune seldom comes alone.
 The Reverend * *Chremes*, tho his Life did prove
 His Noble Nature and Indulgent Love,
 Yet left his Son in Debt, and clogg'd with Law;
 A heavy Weight he with small Ease could draw.
 Law, that a bitter Draught does oft prepare,
 To damp the Spirits of the Spritely Heir.
 Some vex'd Relations too, that had deny'd
 The Case, that he could give away his Bride;
 And thought the Profits great that might ensue,
 Finding that he at last was loser too,
 Large sums his Father ow'd, now claim their due.

M

Sta-

 Father of *Gissippus*.

Statutes start up, and Bonds of ancient Date ;
 Busie Sollicitors too, buz and prate,
 And loudly publish his declining state :
 These daily bring Extent upon Extent,
 Mortgages, Judgments, Scrolls of ill event.
 Nor will his Friends the least Compassion take,
 To help his Wants, or Contribution make ;
 But rather his Calamities deride,
 Bidding him get himself another Bride ;
 By whom, when he a second Gift could boast,
 He may retrieve the Fortune he had lost.

Tormented thus with daily Taunts and Scorns,
 Th' Effects of Fortune's vile and various turns,
 The poor *Gissippus* leaves his House, that now
 No Entertainment can its Lord allow ;
 Since Ravenous Duns within the Portal rail,
 And Harpies wait to drag him to a Jayl.

Not far from *Athens*, honour'd with a brood
 Of famous Bards and Heroes, lyes a Wood,
 Where *Socrates*, and *Plato*, in past days,
 Retir'd from City noise, wrote fam'd Essays,
 Whose Merit purchas'd everlasting Praise ;

Rever'd it was of old for sacred gloom,
 Whose Trees aspiring tops wore verdant bloom,
 Defying Storms, that to invade presume.
 Where on the spreading Beech, whom *Latin*
 (Tongue

Long since renown'd by Sacred *Virgil's* Song ;
 Or the high *Sommet* of a towring Pine,
 The Monarch Eagle bred her numerous Line ;
 And Ages past had uninsulted, seen !
 Her Feather'd Slaves own their Despotick Queen :
 'Twas hither to a Grott, with Bryers o'regrown,
Gissippus, sad, forsaken and alone,
 Fled one relentless night, and laid him down :
 Th' ungentle Winds bluster'd around his Head,
 The baleful place was dark and full of dread,
 As if it League with his Relations had.
 Yet were these outward Accidents but small
 To those within, they tortur'd most of all ;
 Reflection on his former blissful state,
 Made him too deeply weigh his present Fate ;
 Now all the sad Resentments of his Soul,
 Muster'd in throngs, his Peace of Mind controul ;
 The World, with all its Vanity, appears
 Forlorn like him, and its true colour wears.

Ambition, Avarice, abhorr'd Deceit ;
Court shadows, and the Bubbles of the Great ;
Sedate Affliction sets in their true Light,
And gives 'em all their proper gloss and weight.
Yet sometimes flattering Hope, with soft Decoy,
Perswades his Heart, there still is room for Joy ;
Since his Dear *Titus* flourishes in *Rome*,
Upon whose Grateful Heart he may presume.
But ah, no sooner does this Notion take
A slender Root, and some Impression make,
But Modest Shame, the Curb of Virtuous Men,
Shocks the Resolve, and dashes all agen.
Thus for some time confus'd in Thought he lay,
Restless the Night, and cheerless came the Day.
The influencing Sun each Morn appears,
Only to light him to behold his Tears.
All Comfort gone, proud Discontent obtains
The sovereign sway, and like a Tyrant reigns.
Wild Haws, the Berry, and the brackish Sloe,
Are all the Food his Misery allow ;
Unless some Friendly Root, dug up with Care,
Makes a Desert, to mend his homely Fare.
Water he seldom wants, tho Springs are dry'd,
His Fountain Eyes the loss of those supply'd ;

Which

Which plentifully on his Bosom flow,
Increas'd by the renew'd Extreams of Woe.
The Bird of *Pallas* pearching o're his Head,
Ne'r fail'd to give him Midnight Serenade ;
And oft, when Bears and Tygers, wanting Food,
His Neighbours were, by scent of Humane Blood,
A double Terror seiz'd his anxious Mind,
To be surpriz'd, if these his Cave should find ;
Or by his Foes, the Brutes of humane kind.

Three tedious Moons were wasted thus in woe,
E're his Resolve could settle what to do :
Sometimes afflicted ev'n to worst Despair,
Sometimes a glimpse of Hope his Heart would cheer.
At last, that Comfort bringing to his Mind
A second thought of *Titus* his true Friend ;
How much averse to Pride his Nature was,
How ready to compassionate Distress,
How angry he might be, if it were known,
What an Offence to Friendship he had done,
In keeping from his Knowledge rueful Care,
Which as his second Self, he ought to share.
He now resolves for *Rome*, to recommend
Himself and Wants, to his known Generous Friend :

Consol'd with this new Thought, he rose, and Eats;
 And weak faint Limbs for his long Journey fits;
 Which done, he onwards sets, with feeble pace;
 Then having travell'd for some little space,
 As to a Hills high top he nearer drew,
 Turning him round, proud *Athens* came in view;
 Which gave him fresh occasion to exclaim
 On its vile Sons, his Lineage and his Name;
 Whilst stung with their Ingratitude, his Speed
 Is doubled by the Hate that Sight had bred.

Three Days and Nights thus past with Toyl and
 And Dyet, that could hardly Life sustain; (Pain,
 Next Morn, when early *Sol* appear'd in view,
 And just had drank his Mornings Draught in Dew,
 He enters *Rome*, the Worlds Metropolis,
 Crowded with Nations, as a Hive with Bees:
 Where the first Object that engag'd his stay,
 Were Throngs of People, filling up the way;
 To see the *Prætor*, from his Judgment seat,
 And Senators of *Rome* pass by in state.
 But oh, what Tongue can utter the Surprize
 That charm'd *Gissippus*, when before his Eyes,

In

In awful Purple, splendidly array'd,
Titus appear'd, amongst the Cavalcade ;
He saw his Friend, but soon his Eyes cast down,
Asham'd in that vile Habit to be known:
He also thought Lord *Titus* lookt at him,
But that sad view seiz'd him with Grief extreme,
Perceiving the great Senator pass by,
With haughty Aire, and a neglectful Eye.

The *Remora*, that stops the floating Keel,
And makes the Ship its numbing Poyson feel,
Not half so speedily that Work can do,
As *Titus* by his Scorn affected now.
All Vital Pow'rs were in *Gissippus* charm'd,
The Blood his faultring Pulse no longer warm'd:
Ingratitude had shot him to the Heart,
And made him stupid beyond cure of Art.
Scarce can his trembling Legs support his weight,
And bear his Body from that hateful sight,
Till summoning the little Strength was left,
Of all his Hopes and Comfort now bereft,
He feebly crawls from thence, fill'd with dismay,
And to the Suburbs takes his desp'rate way ;

Where, to some ancient Ruines being come,
 Finding a Hole, that once had been a Room,
 Upon the Cold Damp Floor himself he cast,
 Reflecting tenderly on what had past,
 Tears trickle down, and Sighs new Sorrows raise;
 Against Mankind afresh he now inveighs ;
 Condemns the World to Mischiefs without end,
 And that worst part of it, his Faithless Friend,
 That could neglect the object lately seen,
 Yet had of his Distress th' occasion been.

Adieu, base World, he cry'd, and that sole part
 I once was fool'd to think had some Desert.
 Friendship I mean, which now I find as slight
 As those vain Joys that wait on Appetite.
 In vain do poring Schoolmen moralize,
 Vain are their Tenets, their Religion, Lyes,
 Adult'rate made by Humane Villanies.
False is the furrow'd Lawyer's Gravity,
His Soul's a Slave, and fetter'd to his Fea
False are the Lovers Vows, the Virgins Look,
The Courtiers Promise, and the Traders Book,
The Widows Tears, the Sorrow of an Heir,
The Statesmans Candour, and the Beggars Prayer.

All, all, vile *Titus*, proves are meerly Dross,
Sophisticated worth, and outward Gloss.
And here, his tortur'd Brain, with Grief oppress'd,
Quite wearied, gave a Truce to Cares, by Rest;
That, as he lay extended on the Ground,
Lockt up his Sences in a Sleep profound.
And thus, whilst poor *Gissippus*, dead in shew,
Lull'd with the dozing Opiate of his Woe,
Was charm'd with Slumber in that gloomy Cell,
A new, and wondrous Accident befell.

A noted Reobber, *Brunivolgo* nam'd,
Who long for Theft in *Athens* had been fam'd,
Had, with another, been that gloomy Night,
As common Custom was, on some Exploit.
A House had been broke up, and Goods purloyn'd,
Which, as they usually together joyn'd,
They brought to this old ruin'd place to hide;
But when their ill got Prize they would divide,
Bold *Brunivolgo* fancy'd that his share
Did not in worth with his Comrades compare;
Which aggravating, a fierce Quarrel rose,
And from Rough Words, soon after came to Blows.

The

The Sword must be the Umpire in the case,
 At which such knowledge our young Felon has,
 He lays the other dead upon the place ;
 Dragging his Body to the nearest Hole,
 And then march'd nimbly off with what was stole:

This, tho perform'd as closely as they cou'd,
 Yet was their sudden Mutiny so loud,
 It rais'd the Watch, who coming where the Blood
 Was newly shed, by track pursue the way
 Straight to the Cave, where sad *Gissippus* lay ;
 Quickly they found the Body newly slain,
 And not far off from thence a sleeping Man ;
 But that by them he was suppos'd to feign :
 Whom seizing, they his Arms with Cords had
 (bound,
 Ere scarce *Gissippus* his clogg'd Sences found.

Of strange degree at first was his Surprise ;
 But when their Questions and their gabbling noise,
 Had somewhat more inform'd his Ears and Eyes ;
 Seeing the Murder'd Body freshly bleed,
 And that he was believ'd to do the Deed,

Instead of Trembling Fear, a Sullen Joy
 Possess'd him, that his Niggard Destiny
 Had found him now a ready way to dye;
 And save his Hands from ridding baleful Care,
 Which he no longer had the pow'r to bear.
 Few Answers then he to their Questions makes,
 But rather seems t' acknowledge their Mistakes;
 Yielding himself to be convey'd away,
 To Tryal and to Death th' ensuing Day.

The Morning rose, like first Creation fair,
 As if it mockt *Gissippus* and his Care;
 'Twas now the time, when Justice in her Course,
 And Law 'gainst Criminals was put in force:
 The throng'd *Prætorium* cracks with the huge
 (weight,
 Of those that came to hear the voice of Fate;
 When *Varro* his Impartial Sentence gave,
 Assuming Godlike Power, to Doom or Save,
 The Senators of *Rome*, in Pompous State,
 That dreaded hour, on the Tribunal late,
 As Grand Assistants, whose Judicial sway
 Conforts the solemn Business of the Day.

With

With these, Lord *Titus*, high in Favour plac'd,
For valu'd Wisdom, the Assembly grac'd.
And now the Court being set, the Guards prepare
To bring the Guilty Wretches to the Bar;
Felons and Murderers, the mistaken part
Of vile Mankind, to reap their due Desert.
Amongst this Rout, clogg'd with the Crimes they
Guiltless *Gissippus* came, with such an Air, (bear
That to a Searching Eye discover'd plain,
A Virtue, crown'd with generous Disdain,
Which through his tatter'd Rags with lustre shone,
Like Gems uncut from rude unpolisht Stone.
His Crime alledg'd being Murders villany,
He seem'd to own it, rather than deny;
And with a Look, where Scorn of Life was shewn,
Harrangues the *Prætor* thus——What I have done
'Gainst Honour or against Humanity,
My Fame in after Times shall justify:
Yet will I not excuse the present Deed,
But rather think all Humankind should Bleed,
Th' ungrateful Taint infecting Nature's Sons,
Should be by some Just Power purg'd out at once;
That General Dissolution might destroy
Rank Villany, that does the World annoy.

And

And as in the first Age, when Mischief sway'd,
Death in the Deluge Restitution made :
So now, since Honour bears an odious blot,
Since Faith's deprav'd, and Gratitude forgot ;
Since frothy Power can solid Reason blind,
And Wealth make Friends ungrateful and unkind ;
Let the base World, since Vice encreases higher,
Be doom'd a second time, and purg'd by Fire,
And Nature in the Ruin'd Mass expire. }

Thus spoke the Brave *Gissippus*, which tho heard
By the *Patricians*, with mature regard,
Yet the Intrinsic Meaning of his Speech,
So boldly urg'd, their Wisdoms could not reach ;
But only judg'd, that he with latest Breath,
Resolv'd to show a brave Contempt of Death.
The *Prætor* therefore, tho amaz'd to find,
In one so mean, so resolute a Mind ;
Yet, finding he the Fact had not deny'd,
And thought his Speech th' effect of sullen Pride, }
Straight Sentence gave, to have him Crucify'd.
Whose fatal Breath had been that Hour obey'd,
Had not a wondrous Chance the Doom delay'd.

The Noble *Titus*, whose affairs of waight
Busy'd his Head, besides the wretched state
In which *Gissippus* the past Day appear'd,
That drew his Eyes on him with slight regard ;
Had caus'd him so neglectfully to pass,
The Object being unknown, so near him was :
But now when he the Voice distinct could hear,
That was so oft delightful to his Ear,
His Eyes on th' sudden fixing on the Face,
Of him that boldly spoke with so much Grace ;
Which to his View did clearly recommend.
The Dear and Well-known Features of his Friend ;
Oh Heav'n, how was he then surpriz'd to see
It could no other than *Gissippus* be,
The fame of whose Mishaps had reach'd his Ear,
And whose most Generous and Friendly Care ;
Imagining his Troubles had their source
From the late management of his Amours ;
Had searcht all *Athens* o're, each Town and Road,
To find the secret place of his Abode,
Yet had his Diligence ne'r happen'd right,
Till this strange Chance expos'd him to his Sight:

Charm'd

Charm'd with old Friendship then, and strong
Which to assist him did his Soul inspire ; [Desire,
Down from the Bench, thro all the Croud, he prest;
With eager, and almost unmanner'd haste ;
Nor stopt till he had reacht the fatal Bar,
Where the detested Executioner,
With Arms fast bound with Cords, just ready was
To drag the guiltless Victim to the Cross:
Whom *Titus* in his Arms embracing close,
Whilst down his Cheeks endearing Sorrow flows,
And all the Presence fix on him their Eyes,
Thus to the *Prætor* spoke, with Awful Voice.

Recall, oh *Varro*, thy dread Sentence past,
Lest Murder'd Innocence upbraid thy haste :
That Harmless Wretch, who there consents to dye,
Himself accuses, pinch't with Misery,
Whilst here, the real Murderer, am I.
I own the Fact, and that poor Stranger free ;
Exchange the Condemnation then to me :
Since he unarm'd was found that luckless hour :
But I, for ill's design'd, have always Power :

And

And in Revenge perhaps this Act have done,
Which Secret Guilt now forces me to own.
Cease then to Wonder ; nor let Quality,
Nor my late honour'd Station or Degree,
Retard the Justice that should be your Guide,
But let me in his stead be Crucify'd,
Since I the rightful Accusation grant,
Which he has own'd through his despairing Want.
Place then those bands on me, who Life despise.
At which *Gissippus* lifting up his Eyes,
And knowing him that did so strongly plead
Was his Brave Friend, most guiltless of the Deed;
Who nobly now maintain'd that generous Strife,
Only for preservation of his Life ;
A conscious Shame surpriz'd him for the Fault,
He lately had suggested in his Thought,
That Godlike *Titus* could ungrateful be,
Or be induc'd to forfeit Amity ;
His ravisht Heart ev'n to Convulsion beats,
And now again he to the Judge repeats
His late Confession, urging him to grant
His speedy Death ; nor think his seeming want
Th' Asserted cause, then prays him not to heed
What Noble *Titus* there thought fit to plead,

Whose

Whose Brain might be disturb'd with too much
(weight
Of Politicks and Businels of the State;
And through th' effects of Frenzy had declar'd
Th' Impossibilities they late had heard:
But fix on him the Punishment was due;
Which urges *Titus* fiercer to renew
What he late pleaded—— Thus some time they
(strove,
With eager Voices, tun'd by perfect Love,
To clear each other from the impending Law,
Whilst *Varro*, who this wondrous Action saw,
Retain'd a sudden thought they both were free,
And guiltless of the Murdrous Villany.
And now a second Accident fell out,
Which to a happy Truth improv'd that doubt.

The real Author of the Bloody Deed,
Who by his Cunning late himself had freed,
Hearing there had another been accus'd,
Who had as the true Murderer been us'd;
Pleas'd with his Mischief done, could not forbear
To come himself into the Court to hear;
Where to his great Amazement he had seen
The Noble Strife that 'twixt the Friends had been;

Who had so earnestly been wasting Breath,
 To save each other from the appointed Death;
 The fence of which such strong Impression made
 Within his Soul, that tho it lately had
 Been poyson'd with all sorts of Villany,
 Hardned with Vices to the last degree,
 Yet could he not this rare Example see,
 But that Compunction, and some signs of Grace,
 Wakned a conscious flushing in his Face,
 And that he must, were Nature ne'r so loth,
 Declare the naked Truth, and free 'em both.

Pressing then through the Croud with eager speed,
 To th' place where he the Friends heard lately
 His Voice to Reverend Varro and the rest (Plead,
 Directing, he the Truth of all confest,
 The Murder and the secret Robbery,
 The Quarrel 'twixt his dead Comrade and he,
 The cause too of the Rage he had conceiv'd:
 Which was no sooner utter'd but believ'd,
 The whole Assembly knowing what degree
 His Life had always born of Infamy.
 And now, this second turn, the Prætor's mind
 Does in surprize a new Amazement find;

The strange Resolves of both the Generous Friends,
Now, more he wonders at, and more commends;
And thinks this Circumstance, so nicely rare,
Was proper to be brought to *Cæsar's* Ear,
As something that did in its kind excel,
And which no former Age could parallel.

August *Octavius*, when he heard the Case,
The Noble Act of Friendship in excess,
As equally delighted as amaz'd,
A while on *Titus* and *Gissippus* gaz'd,
Whom he as Jewels in his Crown preferr'd;
And to give Instance of his great Regard,
Resolv'd his Justice too should noted be,
And therefore grants a Pardon to all three;
The Friends, whose Innocence was now display'd,
The Felon for the plain Discovery made.

The Grateful *Titus* too, to crown the end,
After he tenderly had chid his Friend,
For his too easie Doubt of his firm Faith,
That thus had brought him to the brink of Death,
To his Belov'd *Sophronia* carries him,
Who gave him second place in her Esteem,

Nor spar'd her Tears at the Injustice done
 By her ungrateful Kindred and his own;
 For which her Lord now means to make amends;
 And therefore nobly on his best of Friends,
Fulvia his Sister, fair as Morning Light,
 And blushing like *Aurora* chasing Night,
 He gen'rously engages for his Wife:
 And to make happy all remains of Life,
 Does from his Wealth a moiety divide,
 T' enrich his dear *Giffippus* and his Bride.

Then past a series On, of blissful years,
 The Faithful Friends no more were vext with Cares,
 But still with Veneration own'd to be
 Renown'd Examples to Posterity:
 Whose Charming Story being understood,
 Gave blest occasion for a general good;
 Discording *Romans*, touch'd with what they heard
 No longer Jar, but Unity preferr'd; (perse,
 Whose charming Pow'r from thence did soon dis-
 Its welcome Blessing o're the Universe.

The End of the first Story.

A SUPPLEMENT,

Parallel to the Story, and Address'd to my Countrymen of England.

Alluding to the Queens late Gracious Speech,
Exhorting all to Amity, and concluding
with a Modest Reflection, by way of Fable.

OH, all ye Natives of the *British* Race,
The Scandal of your Country, or the Grace,
Read and digest the Moral of this Tale,
That Friendship's Sacred Duties may prevail,
And raise your Glory to a pitch so high,
As Malice ne'r can reach, nor Time destroy.

Friendship, best cement of the strongest hold,
Proof against powerful Fraud, and tempting Gold,
Like the good Genius of a Kingdom, sways,
Improves its rise, and hinders its decays.

Well may old *Rome* and *Athens* boast their worth,
 Who gave to *Titus* and *Gissippus* Birth;
 Whose Concord so promoted publick Peace,
 Arms 'gan to rust, and Sciences encrease;
 Such Influencing Sense did all receive,
 And such Instructive awe their great Example give:

Shall Gracious *Anna* then no period reach;
 Exhorting ye to *Union* in each Speech:
 Confirm'd in Sacred Sense, you ne're can be
 Securely happy, wanting Amity.
 Must She each *Session* waste her Heavenly Voice,
 Commending precious *Union* to your Choice;
 Yet no *Gissippus* of the Commons hears,
 Nor any Noble *Titus* 'mongst the Peers,
 Possess't with her Angelick Inspiration,
 Will dole the Cordial to the Sickly Nation;
 Such Lunacy th' Infected Land does feel,
 Ill to take Counsel, and much worse to heal.

'Tis not your fault then, Sovereign of all Hearts,
 That we're not fully blest, that Arms and Arts,

Re-

Rewarded with full Bags, and Golden Praise,
 Flourish not now, as in our former days,
 Since You no Pains nor Diligence do spare;
 Stedfast Your Heart, unwearied too your Care:

And as this Blessing all in general own,
 So in particular Your Candour shown,
 Is of such high transcendant Value known,
 That even *Titus* and *Gissippus* fail
 To shew such proofs of amicable Zeal:
 This in the last Reign to a Favorite,
 Frown'd on at Court, was verifi'd to th' height;
 And now the Royal Generosity,
 Nobly Conferr'd for Martial Bravery;
 Which *Woodstock* shall on Marble Pillars rear,
 And Grateful Praise in Golden Letters bear;
 Proves, that You know, by Largess well Conferr'd,
 Both how to Judge Desert, and how Reward.

To second which, th' Oblig'd Nation shou'd
 Consent to own a Thankful Gratitude;
 His * yearly Valour, Conquering abroad,
 Whose Force has late the *Gallick* Tyrant aw'd:

* Duke of Marlborough.

And * Her continu'd Acts of Duty here,
Shewn from a Heart devoted and sincere.

'Mongst these, and all that glorifie Your Name,
The Poets too, their Grateful Joy proclaim ;
Whose best Endeavours in the latter days,
Chill'd with Neglect, could scarce defend their Bays ;
In vain a lasting Green kind Nature drew,
Constant discouragement so chang'd the hiew,
They wither'd, or unnaturally grew ;
But *Anna's* gracious Beams, that Influence
Declining Wi*, and give new Life to Sense.
(That when th' Immoral Moralist his Rage
Thunder'd, in Exclamation on the Stage ;
Veyling with Robe Divine the Hypocrite,
And pressing Truth beneath fallacious Wit ;
Which to the Sons of Blinded Zeal gave Laws,
And made them Preach down the Poetick Cause ;
False Reasons against Charming Numbers bring,
Mistaking oft Description for the thing.)
With Rays indulgent to the Poets Art,
Shed kindly Warmth, and cherishing Desert,
Now make New Theatres more high aspire,
As once did *Thebes*, by fam'd *Amphion's* Lyre.

* Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

Divine her Temper, and unsoyl'd her Life,
The Kindest Mistress, and most Tender Wife;
Th' Effect of whose Admir'd Sincerity,
Illustrious *Denmark*, is well prov'd by Thee.

(For since, by Heaven's Resolv'd and Happy Doom,
From noted Actions of Renown at home;

* Witness at *Schonen*, that Eterniz'd Deed,
Where the Majestick *Dane* was Bravely freed,
And Fortune's Prize snatcht from the Conqu'ring
Swede.

An Early Glory, as by Fame appears,
Beyond Expected Hope of such few Years)

You were ordain'd the *Brittish* Crown to share,
And be (unless in that) a Loser here:

As your unwearied Grace does Nobly fall,
Like Summer Dews, a general Good on all,

And makes full period, treasur'd in her Breast,
So is Your Life in Her Affection Blest:

Thus more than Crown'd, in your high Sphere you
(move,

So Heavenly are the Joys of Mutual Love.

* The Battel of *Schonen*, where the Prince bravely sav'd his Brother, the King of *Denmark*, from being taken Prisoner.

Oh could this Scene of Union charm the Hearts
Of *Britains*, and unite the Jarring parts,
That her Inspiring Breath might take effect,
And *Exhortations* find no more Neglect,
Then Loyal Senates would protect our Isle,
And for base Int'rest cease Intestine Broyl.
The Secret too, of Bribing every Boor,
Wasting large Summs, to make th' Election sure;
That hateful Guile, that Honesty does fright,
Would be discover'd plain, and brought to light.
The Courtier then would blush his place should be
Gain'd by the loss of his Integrity;
The Country Squire no more his Sanction break,
But speak plain homely Truth for Conscience sake;
The City Drudge would want no Parties made,
To raise the Bank, or the *East India* Trade;
Vile Gold false Votes from false Freeholders draw,
Nor Judges Sweat to prove Wrong Right by Law;
Great Councils publick Feuds no more would raise,
Perverting Justice, and disturbing Peace;
But uncorrupted, Property secure,
As when of old, their Country's Badge they bore.

To

To thee, Oh Awful Goddess, then, the Muse,
Prostrating Duty, begs to pay thy Dues;
And as a right this Labour recommends,
Not only to the best of Queens, but Friends;
Whose Reign such yearly Wonders does repeat,
That even our Fam'd *Eliza* we forget;
Whilst such Perfection forcing Praise sublime,
Encreases to the longest date of Time.

Thus will conclude the space of *Anna's* days.
And now to every one whom Faction sways,
Whose byass'd Heart is not entirely bent
To Union, the support of Government,
The following Lines I timely dedicate,
With Just Reflection on the *Brittish* State:

An

An Ode by way of Dialogue.

With the Fable, by

Britannia, Genius of Britain, and Country Coridon.

(I.)

Britt. Celestial Genius of Britannia's Isle,
 Whose Influence oft caus'd a happy
 When on my Chalky Mount I sat, (Smile,
 And saw the Ocean round me flow;
 With all the Glories of my Naval State,
 Secure from Tempests that remoter blow.
 What Crime has Wretched *Albion* done,
 To cause, alas, thy fatal frown;
 Ah, whence proceeds this woe
 That Clouds thy Sacred Brow.

Thou that wert wont to shine more bright and gay,
 Than all the gaudy Infant Flowers that deck my
 (Vernal May.

(II.)

(II.)

Genius of B. Oh, urge me not, thou Charming Queen,
With shame to Paint thy Beauteous Face,
By hearing me disclose the Sin
Of thy Ingrateful Race ;
Their daily Feuds, and senseless Jars,
That raise amongst us Civil Wars ;
As if they long'd the Slaves to be
Of Neighb'ring Pride and Tyranny ;
So high my Rage does swell,
That I disdain
To name again
What this plain-dealing *Coridon* shall in a Fable tell.

The FABLE.

(I.)

Coridon. **U**Pon a River, spacious grown,
By Tempests powring from the Skies,
Two Earthen Pots were sailing down,
One fill'd with Frogs, the other, Mice ;

The

The doughty high Pot and the low,
 And both in Arms a Bark to seize,
 Which Fame had lately made 'em know
 Was stor'd with Fish and Luscious Cheese,

(II.)

'Twas Salmon Orthodox, that drew
 The pamper'd bold high-leaping Frogs :
 The Mice lov'd Parmezan true Blue,
 But kept aloof, for fear of Jogs :
 Till eager Janglings as they past,
 Tho yet they durst not venture near,
 Soon after did their Ruine haste,
 As in the Sequel will appear.

(III.)

A Ravenous Crane, of Gallick kind,
 Was stalking on th' adjoyning Shoar,
 Who with his Gold cou'd bribe a Wind,
 As he had often done before :
 Cry'd he, I hear 'em Croak and Squeak,
 They'll meet, when Waves I've higher blown,

And if I make 'em Clash, and Break,
Their Prize and they are all my own.
This Plotted, soon to pass he brings;
By rashly Jostling they're undone;
Hot Faction about Trivial things;
Each hoping to get all, have none.

The Moral.

*This is your Case, ye Britains all,
By Fends you still your selves undo;
And like Old Rome, make Albion fall;
Which nought besides could overthrow.*

F I N I S:

And if I make you Clasp, and Break,
 Their Prize and they are all my own.
 This Plotted, soon to pass he brings;
 By rashly Jostling they're undone;
 Hot Faction about Trivial things;
 Each hoping to get all, have none.

The Moral.

This is your Case, ye Britains all,
 By Lands you sell your fellow wretches;
 And like Old Rome, make Albion fall;
 Which might besides could overthrow.

F I N I S

THE
Prudent Husband :

O R,
Cuckoldom Wittily Prevented.

The Second Comick Story.

Done from the *French* of the Illustrious *Margarite de Valois*, Queen of *Navarre*,
into *English* Prose.

WITH
Large Additions and Embellishments,
by the Author, T. D.

THE
Prudent Husband :

Or,
Catholism Wholly Prevailed.

The second Comic Story.

Done from the French of the illustrious Mar-
quis de Malesherbes, Comte de Noyon,
into English Prose.

WITH
Large Additions and Emendations
made by the Author, T. D.

T H E

Prudent HUSBAND.

The Second Comick Story.

IN *Pampelona*, the Capital City of the Kingdom of *Navarre*, there liv'd not long since a Lady, esteem'd for Virtue, Devotion and Beauty, above all that inhabited the place : And that her excellent Qualities might in every kind find a return answerable to her Merit, she was honourably married to a worthy and prudent Gentleman, about five and thirty years of Age; who, as his Family was very Noble and Ancient, so his rare Endowments of Mind, agreeable Exactness in Proportion and Per-

son, with the addition of a very plentiful Fortune fully qualified him to deserve so extraordinary a Consort, he being known by the Name of *Richard*, and she *Leonora*. Their resemblance in Person was much taken notice of, but most of all their conformity in Humour: She for some years after their Marriage never thwarting his, nor he ceasing to give her all desir'd Freedom, as gracing her with an entire Trust, having had some years good proof of her Conjugal Discretion. Their Wedlock Union being blest by the happy increase of a Son and a Daughter, whose early Beauties yet being in the bloom, gave the World reason to hope an Excellence extraordinary when they came to Maturity.

Amongst all the good qualities, with which our before-mention'd Lady was furnish'd, her constant Devotion was most admirable, she never failing at Divine Service and the Sermons, to meet the rest of the good Catholicks; nor could the most Zealous or Bigotted of 'em all make quicker dispatch of a Rosary, or fumble the Beads with more artful dexterity than herself; who also frequently requested her Husband's company: And made her Children so continually visit the Church, forcing them to behave themselves there so demurely, that the poor things were very much in danger of quite spoiling the good Features in their Faces, by the strange Custom she impos'd upon 'em of Reservedness and Gravity.

It chanc'd, the Season of *Lent* being come, at which time all the Religious oblige themselves to offices of more serious Devotion than ordinary; the Ashes dol'd and scatter'd about, putting them in mind of their Earthly and Mortal Condition, when Intelligence was given to *Leonora*, that a young Monk of *St Bennet's* Order, who was but newly an Inhabitant of that Neighbourhood, was to Preach on that Holy *Wednesday*; at which she was extreamly pleas'd, as having heard him some times before, and particularly lik'd his manner. Nor could she hinder her Inclination, when she had opportunity, to commend likewise his Address and Person. The Ghostly Instructor having by Nature many agreeable advantages both in Feature and Shape; of which, to advance his Credit the more, he seem'd to be very careless, affecting rather to have the Character of a Pastor Zealous and Holy, than that of a Beau, Engaging and Handsome.

The alluring Effects of which Seducing Hypocrisie, as it never fail'd to Indulge his Expectation, both by Applause and Profit, from his general Auditory; so in particular, this last Preachment, in which, the Subtilty of the Subject Matter, the Musical Charm of his Tone, together with the taking object of his Face and Air, were successfully employ'd, gain'd above all the rest an entire Conquest on the Heart of Devout *Leonora*: She

heard his Sermon, with so solemn an Attention, as if her Ears had resolv'd to imbibe nothing else for the future ; his Words sweetly entring therein, made a forcible passage to her Heart ; and his Beautiful Comportment at the same time penetrating her Eyes, wounded her very Soul to such a degree, that she seem'd during the time as one Ravish'd, and in an Extasie.

After the Sermon was ended, she made all possible haste to the place where her admir'd Monk said Mass : And seeing him ready to distribute the Ashes, crowd'd herself in first to receive 'em ; and tho she was charm'd anew by the sight of his Hand that carry'd em, which was plump and very white, yet she thought her Virtue had guard enough, believing that a Love so *Spirituelle* and Seraphick as hers, whatever Pleasure it caus'd, could give no Offence to Honour or Conscience.

Nor was she thus busied in her Devotions only at this time, and as others, moderately employ'd themselves at proper seasons, but it now began to be a kind of haunt, and troublesome ; she could not forbear every day teizing her Husband with repetitions of Praise on the Monks wonderful Elocution, his rare method of Instructing, and the winning grace of his Soul-saving quality. And tho in his Answers he agreed to her Encomium twenty times in a day, yet was not that enough, almost every minute being now employ'd upon
that

that subject, yet still was it by obliging *Richardo* ; consider'd no farther, nor weigh'd, but only as a Religious fit of Zeal which often seizes the Holy Water Sisterhood, and which he had rather (since the whole Sex are fated to have Fits of some kind or other) should be of that grave quality, than a worse.

But little, amongst all his Philosophy, had the honest Gentleman studied the unaccountable Nature of Womankind, whose Passions often work violently to an Extream, when they are imagin'd, and expected to continue in the exact bounds of Moderation ; for under this umbrage of Devotion, which at first deceiv'd every one, as well as her own Husband, and under the title of Spirituality, there grew a desire so carnal, that nothing could be more vehement ; her Visits at Chappel now, relisht more of the Flesh than the Spirit ; her Pious Glances were chang'd to Inordinate Oglings, and her Mind perverted from contemplating his Immortal Sanctity, to contrive the Enjoyment of his Natural Person : Nay, so strange a Victory had Love gain'd over her Religion, that, knowing Father *Jouns* (for by that Name we will call the Charming Monk) to be totally ignorant of her Affection and his Success ; not considering the Reverence of his Sacred Office, nor the regard due to the Church, of which she was so long esteem'd a valu'd Member, nor the blemish upon her own Honour,

nour, Conduct and Family, she resolves to write him a Letter; and with a frontless assurance, the stronger for being newly entertain'd, Express that way, what she had not opportunity to declare, another. The Billet was soon endited, the Devil never failing to give a Woman ready Conceit on so proper an occasion, which, as it was taken by some meer Criticks for *Arabick*, was blotted with these words.

Leonora's Billett to Father Jovus.

*When my Perans would first have a me be bound To
a husben, I dud prea every da and neet that it
might be with a Coller, and won of Laning and De-
voutien for their Sweat houi instruksions still incaesd
my licking which as I found religoose and Sage,
bread Butter thoughts and gaue my Sins of under-
standing more plasher, then any other dillicat dud in
the whole worl, I am vary much ashemd but prea dere
Fader forgive a me if I sea my heart is wounded now
more then ever with your desine apillitys your graue
but strong Doctern has lately twice ravisht me and the
great measure of your hollinesse has sœ farr Inflounct
me, that my brain is possett with desire, and without
a your pittty and privitys in this bees nest I am undonn
and urin'd for evar.*

In

In this ridiculous manner did the poor, and I think now I may almost say, the craz'd *Leonora* address her Billett; nor would her delirium at present give her leisure to contrive a more proper person to carry it, than a little Page, that had been nourisht in the Family from an Infant: She instructs the Boy in every particular, with all the Reasonable Care she was at that time Mistress of, as, first to be diligent to find out Father *Jouns*, if possible, alone, then to be sure to give it into no other Hand but his; and lastly, to be most Cautious and Trusty in not letting *Richardo* his Master know any thing of the matter; which Injunctions being heedfully perform'd, a little Horse was to be bought soon after for him to ride on, the old Housekeeper was likewise to be order'd to give a plentiful and frequent Regale of Peaches, Apricocks and Comfits, besides a shower of Peterpence and Two-pences were promis'd often to drop from his oblig'd Lady's Purse and Favour.

These Temptations, strong enough to subdue the Integrity of any Page in Christendom, soon had the desir'd effect upon our Younger: He receives the Letter in a very humble posture, and took more pains by half to con this Lesson, than ever he had in his Life time studied another at School; so that now being perfectly taught, and nothing wanting, he sets very jocundly forward upon his Expedition.

But

But Fortune, always uncertain in her Favour, thought fit on the sudden to put a stop to the Commencement of his Hope; for, as he was with more than ordinary speed making his way to the place assign'd, he chanc'd unluckily to pass through a Street, where *Richardo*, who had been early abroad, about some particular design of buying something or other, was sitting accidentally in a Shop; who, seeing his Wife's Page trip by in such great haste, possess'd with more Curiosity than usual, steps out to see where he went; and just at a time too, when the Boy by chance turning about, saw him, and surpriz'd with terrible fear at his sudden appearance, endeavour'd all he could with a start to hide himself behind the corner of an old Building: This odd behaviour of the Page more alarm'd the Master, who now resolv'd to overtake him, and be satisfied in the occasion; so that quickly getting up to him, and finding him trembling and looking pale, he instantly catching him by the Shoulders, demands whither he was going, and upon what Exploit? The poor Boy, confounded to the last degree, could get out readily no words to answer him, but stood humming and hawing in such manner, that *Richardo* now was confirm'd in an opinion that there must be somewhat more than ordinary: And therefore, with severe Frowns and Threats of the Horse-whip, and being lockt up from Meat, quite different matter from his former promis'd

promis'd Regalia, he strives to extort his Confession ; and at last, after frightening him a considerable time, gets out these words, *Oh good Sir, don't let me tell, for if I do my Lady will kill me.* Richardo, more amaz'd at this saying, perseveres still with new Threats, with the addition of some frequent Pinches, where his Hand had taken hold : But considering at last that fair means, by way of allay, might in its turn be necessary, he changes to a milder tone, and now promises the Boy, provided his Story be candid, and that he tell Truth, to guard him from his Wife's Anger, and to reward him so well for his discovery, that he should have no reason to complain : The poor Page, long ago at his Wits end, and believing he had now no other way to avoid his Whipping and Flawing, but by delivering his Letters of Credence, which if forc'd from him might turn to his greater detriment, after some few fumbings and a wry face or two, at thought of his frustrated Embassage, produces the Amorous Magical Scrowl, with all the Infernal Characters therein contain'd, and with it the whole Tale of his being sent to Father Jovus the Monk ; not forgetting to hint the dear Rewards of his little Horse and Regalia of Sweetmeats, nor the new Medals that were to glitter in his Purse, for every Answer that was return'd.

The

The Curiosity of *Richardo* was now translated to substantial Wonder, he had never yet found any fault in his Wife's Conduct, and was therefore more amaz'd at the past Circumstances ; yet could he not imagine it to be any thing else but some Religious Quarrel, and that the Fatigue and Difficulty of Pennance, or some neglect of Devout orders, had given his Wife occasion Epistolarly to harrangue her admir'd Preacher.

He opens the Letter with a fretful haste, and you may be assur'd, upon hobbling over the Contents, had reason much more to enlarge his concern than before ; he was extreamly surpriz'd, yet (in the midst of his Vexation for his Wife's Ridiculous and Contemptible Passion) could not forbear laughing at her frantick kind of Spelling, which clearly exprest the hurry and confusion of her Mind, she formerly using to write otherwise ; nor could he help a Smile when he read over the Breakfast of Bread, Butter and Sage, that she had sent her adorable Monk ; or when she pray'd to be bound in Wedlock with a Coller, instead of a Scholar : But, being a Man whose Prudence had always recommended him to the nicest Judges of Discretion, he wisely covers his Sentiments under a Grave Look, and seems no otherwise concern'd than if the Letter had contain'd only a thing of trivial moment.

He

He therefore tells the Page, that there was by accident a Comical Secret, which he was very well pleas'd to know: And if he would persevere in observing his Commands, and resolve to manage the affair on his side, as well as his Lady's, the little Horse should not be wanting, nor any other thing, that might bountifully reward his new undertaken Fidelity; still Judiciously keeping from him the knowledge of the main Secret; wisely reflecting, that tho his Wife had forfeited that part of Prudence to the last degree, that 'twould be an unpardonable weakness in him to trust the Honour of his Family to the discretion of Children.

The Page found no difficulty at all in this Proposal, but very readily gave his Parole of Honour, to be as Industrious and Trusty on both sides as his Heart could wish; at hearing of which his Masters Brow clears up, who stroking him on the Head, and, as an Earnest Penny for his quick Consent, giving him a small piece out of his Pocket, detaining the Letter, carries him back with him to the Shop from whence he came.

There, after some little thought, how to manage discreetly the matter, that he might not only try how far his Wife's frenzy would carry her on this occasion, but likewise have it in his power at an extreme Exigent, to save his own Honour and his House's Reputation, he sits down and formally writes an Answer, as if the Monk had sent
it;

it ; the Contents of which were, a world of joyful Thanks for the kind Lines and the Honour she did him of her Favour ; and concluding, with the assertion, that their Inclinations were in all points equal, and that his Passion was no less than hers.

This, as soon as superscribed and folded up, he delivers to the Page, once more swearing him to be faithful, and to manage cautiously the affair ; who now, having his new Lesson in every particular moulded into him, makes what dispatch he could with the Counterfeit Missive back again to his Lady, who eagerly expected his return, and the issue of her uncommon Adventure ; but when at his coming back she had perus'd the Paper he brought, and the endearing Answer she suppos'd came from her ador'd Monk, she could scarce contain from caressing the Page to an Extravagance, or keep herself, in the height of her Extasie, from falling into a Swoon for Joy.

The satisfaction she receiv'd was so extraordinary, that *Richardo*, at his return home, could easily see it in her Countenance ; the paleness, which the spare Dyet of *Lent*, mixt with Devotion, generally spread over most Faces, being totally overcome in hers, who appear'd more fresh and Rose than usual, the fermentation of her Spirits causing additional Heat, and Desire and Hope perpetually warming her every day more than other ; she not
ceasing

ceasing frequently to send her Billets, as her Amorous fancy urg'd her ; and the Boy not failing to deliver 'em all to his Master, who constantly contriv'd, and sent back such Answers as he thought proper for his inteded affair, and the future management of the Intrigue.

In some Intervals, he had the diversion, when they were together at Church, to see her oagle the Monk with a strange affectation ; every time his Spirit of Zeal directed his Eyes her way, she was confirm'd they were meant Passionate Glances or Signs of Love ; and when his subject matter gave him occasion to express himself in what he ought to do for the Love of God, the fond Creature ridiculously thought the words were covertly meant for the Love of her.

And now *Easter* being arriv'd, and the Mystery coming nearer to projection, *Richards* orders the Page to carry her a Letter in the Name of Father *Jovus* ; inferring, That his tedious Languishments had now brought his Desires to an Extreme, and that he could not help pressing her to give him a Private Meeting with all possible speed : Which she no sooner receives, but with a Contentment which plainly shew'd itself in all her Looks and Actions, she consents to ; and to bring it about, and crown the Expected Pleasure with all Security and undisturb'd Satisfaction, she advises her Husband to go and look after some Rents, that were due, for
Land:

Lands of his some few Leagues from the City, which his Steward had been often baffled in; and might, she added, be lost, if not timely retriev'd by his Presence and Authority. *Richardo* well enough knew that this was the Effect of his own Plot, and her Device only to get him out of the way, that the Holy League between her and the Monk might have freer conclusion; which being just as he would have it, he seems readily to hearken to her Counsel; and to put it in practice, pretending to take his Journey the next morning, bids her adieu for that coming night, and sets onward; but rides only to a Neighbouring Friends House, where he conceals himself, to observe the result of his Wife's Extravagant fancy, and put his father's designs in execution.

The Trusty Page quickly brought him a Letter from *Leonora*, to Father *Journ*, informing him that now was to be their Crisis of Happiness, since *Richardo* was newly gone into the Country, and not to return till the next day; during which time she should think herself blest to enjoy the pleasure of his Conversation: And now, the Husband finding the matter rais'd to the utmost height, and that his Wife's Folly would terminate no otherwise than in his Cuckoldome, employs his Wits upon a Counter-turn, which he might reasonably hope would prevent it, and which he proceeded on in this manner.

He

He goes to a Monastery, that stood not far from his House; where, being very much observ'd and respected for his singular Piety and Method of living, by the Reverend of the place, he singles out one of 'em, with whom he was most Intimate, and desires him to lend him his Habit only one Night for a particular use, and in so doing he would singularly oblige him. The Man, who was a *Franciscan*, and very Zealous in his Order, and supposing *Richardo* only design'd it for some Masquing Entertainment, very gravely refuses it; telling him the Reverence due to that Habit was not at all consisting with any Scene of Mockery; but upon the t'others solemn Protestation, that the Intention of using it was so far from any light occasion of Mockery, that it rather tended to the Salvation of a Soul; his Credit too being very stanch amongst the Fraternity, he, without more scruple, grants his request, and instantly dispatches him away with what he desired.

Richardo being thus furnisht, goes instantly and dresses himself in it, the upper part of the Weed covering his Head, and the lower part of his Face, adding particularly well to his design. The Rosary of Beads dangling too in order, represented a shaven Hypocritical Knave so exactly, that nothing could be more like; and thus being dizen'd to his liking, and the Evening now enter'd, he makes haste to a Banquetting-house in his own Garden,

which was the Bower of Love appointed by his Wife, as being remote from the House, and from the Eyes and Ears of Servants, whose Curiosity might in another place bring an Inconvenience, and hinder their intended Freedom.

Thither being come, besotted *Leonora* (who was already there, and waiting for her Favourite's approach) rising hastily from a Velvet Couch, where she had for some time lain with Impatience, ran to the Door to meet him, preparing her Arms ready to Embrace, and her Tongue at the same time to make a delicate Speech, to excuse the Error, that Love had blindly led her into, and the Offence done to Modesty and Wife-like decorum: But our new Priest, being but just entred into Orders, and but a Novice yet in their general point of Hypocrisie, being also confoundedly nettled at his Crackbrain'd Spouse's manner of proceeding, resolving to effect his Plot upon her to the purpose, instead of giving her Encouragement to circle him in her Arms, as she intended, and likewise rendring those Advances, which in his late false Epistles she had been taught to expect she should receive, he makes a grave motion with his Hand, to stop her from coming nearer, and crossing himself several times from Top to Toe, roars out with a hideous hoarse Fryer-like voice, *Temptation, avoid Satan, Temptation, avoid, avoid.* To which, *Leonora*, who believ'd this to be only a shy Trick of his Spiritual

ritual Trade, and entirely depended upon the Temporal Complements, and warm Expressions of reciprocal Amity, which she had often read, and was delighted with in his Answer to her Letters, replies Languishingly, *Alas, dear Father, I confess you are in the right ; but of all Temptations, your Reverence is sensible that there is none so sweet as that of Love ; and since you have often given me hopes to believe, you will place the consideration of my weakness upon that scare, and pity a violent passion, which your Extreme Desert and Amiable Person have been the cause of, I must entreat ye to wave at present this Ceremonial Formality, and employ, now there is leisure and opportunity, those minutes that Gracious Fortune has given us to bless ourselves ; still assuring your Reverence, that, to atone for the slight Offence that shall be committed, I will deposit into your Hands so full a price for a Pardon, that our Holy Mother the Church shall not only rest very well satisfied, but shall engage you, as one of her most proper, and most belov'd Sons, to persevere often in carrying on an Intrigue, that shall give occasion for propagating such good Works, and such abundance of Charity. And in saying this, a new fit beginning to seize her, she presses nearer, with design to take hold of him : Whilst Richardo, who resolv'd to make his tryal to the utmost extent of his Patience, traverses the Room long and sideways, making perpetually large Signs of the Cross, and still crying out in a doleful*

Charnel-house tone, *Avoid, avoid, Temptation, Temptation, avoid, avoid!* Till at last, finding by her actions that she was in very good earnest, and that his Hornification (she having got now upon the grapple with him) was her real design, his Patience being now totally overcome, wrenching himself from her, he on the sudden pulls out from under his Weed a short piece of a new Cord, twisted and tyed with Knots, just after the manuer of an Inquisition Discipline, and without taking farther notice, or saying any thing, but *Avoid and Temptation*, attacks her with smart Lashes about the Back and Shoulders for a considerable space; and considering, like a good Physician, the nature of her Disease; and by that, how large the Dose must be, he was to prescribe, he thinks it not fit to leave off the Exercise till the termination of so many minutes: Which ended, her Back, Sides and Arms whal'd with the Knots ty'd in the Cord, her whole Body accutely smarting, and she not able to speak or cry out, through her extreme surprize at a passage so contrary to her Expectation, he holds it convenient now to desist; and at the same instant, without making any Epilogue or Excuse for his new Invented, and very well Acted Tragi-Comedy, he makes his Exit, and goes back with all the speed he can to the aforesaid Monastery; there delivers the borrow'd Habit to his Friend the Reverend Monk; with an assurance, that it had been

The second Comick Story.

been Instrumental in doing, and beneficial in perfecting a very pious, and honest Work, and perhaps a thing of so high and sacred a degree, that it ought never to be worn again, but upon Vigils or Fast-days. Which being thus very gravely affirm'd, after returning Thanks for the Courtesie, he takes leave, and retires to his Friends House for that Night, full of expectation to find what Change in his Wife's Humour would ensue his late Adventure.

In the Morning therefore returning home, as if he had just finish'd his design'd Journey, entering his House, he askt the Maid for her Lady, who told him she was very ill in her Bed, and had got little or no rest all that Night; at hearing which, feigning to be surpriz'd and concern'd, he makes haste up Stairs, where, finding the Room dark and the Curtains drawn, he sits down by the Bed-side, and kindly questions *Leonora*, What was the matter? And how she came to be seiz'd with this sudden Illness? Who, after several odd Grunts and Groans, in a strange Piping Tone faintly answers, That she suppos'd it to be the effects of a violent Cold she had taken, but that it afflicted her to an extreme degree, her whole Body being full of sharp Pains, and her Arms and Shoulders so very sore, that she was not able to lift her Hands to her Head, without extremity of Torture.

Richardo seems very much troubled to hear her Complaint, but inwardly retains a certain spiteful Pleasure, which his Comical Revenge had caus'd, that had very nearly made him break out into a fit of Laughter, reflecting upon the nature of her Cold, and the occasional pains in her Sides, Back and Shoulders; and now thinking fit to observe and try what operation his Physick had made, and what effects wrought in his Spouse's Mind, as well as Body, he tells her, That to take some Air must needs be very wholesome, it being a fine Day, and that if she would rise, he would order the Coach to be ready, and go with her to take the benefit of the sweet Evening, about their Park; and after that, farther to oblige and divert her, would have her appear with some choice Spirits, and particular Friends of theirs, whom he had invited that Night to Supper; amongst whom should not fail to be her so much admir'd Preacher, that Religious, Learned, Pious Monk, her singularly affected Favourite, Father *Jovus*.

At the very Name of Father *Jovus*, *Richardo* observ'd that *Leonora* gave such a start, that even the Bed she lay upon shook with the forcible effects of her Consternation; which yet he seem'd to take no notice of, waiting still for somewhat in her Answer that should discover to him whether his Ropes-end Physick had been effectual or no; which quickly prov'd exactly to his mind; his

Wife

Wife replying, That as for her Airing in the Coach, she would wait on him if he pleas'd, but believ'd she should hardly be able to hold up her Head at Supper, especially amongst such gabbling Company as Monks and Fryars: Adding, That she wonder'd, he, that was counted a Man of Sense, and known to have a Talent in Witty Converse should love to associate with such Cattle, that were ingenious at nothing but Gormondizing, and Stories of Luxury, that were little esteem'd by people of worth; and were observ'd to bring nothing (with themselves) but Misfortunes into all the Houses where-ever they came.

Richardo was well enough pleas'd to hear this turn of Dialect, but yet not fully satisfy'd but this might be a Trick of Female Dissembling, he resolves to try her a little farther; and replys, That how slightly soever she pretended to value some of those Religious Men, yet was he well assur'd of her extraordinary good opinion of Father *Jovns*; that the former Applauses and particular Good will she had often shewn for that Divine person could not be feign'd, and that therefore he must beg her Pardon if he did not give Credit to this seeming Neglect, and the manner of Speech she us'd at present: And that if it was only her doubt, that mixing the Purity of his Conversation with the Bluntness and unpolite Jargon of the rest, might be a diminution to the charming Discourse of that ex-

traordinary person, he was very willing, for her better Entertainment, to have him the Sole Guest invited; as really believing, whatever Indifferency she thought fit at present to put on, that Father *Jouns*, of late so admir'd and prais'd by her for his abundance of rare and excellent qualities, could not possibly at any time be a Contemptible Guest at their Table.

Leonora, at this, hearing her Husband talk of bringing the Monk (whom now she thought to be a Devil) thither alone, suddenly breaks out into a new fit of Passion; telling her Husband, That she was resolv'd to Sup with no such Company; and that if she had formerly, when some Fits of Religious Zeal had possess'd her, and he had prevail'd upon her Folly, with the Tone and Cant of some of his Sermons, expos'd her weak Judgment so much as to praise him beyond his desert, yet to the rest of his Discourses she had a perfect Aversion; for tho she could bear with the Insolence of that Tribe well enough in their Pulpits, yet in any other place she hated 'em like so many Devils.

Richard now began to be somewhat better satisfied that his late Medicine and Subtilty had, in a great measure, answer'd his design; since he now plainly perceiv'd, he had workt his Wife not only into a dislike of the Monk's Person, but even of his very Principles; but, resolving to go through-titch, and perfect the business so fully, that there

should

should be no danger of a Relapse in her Humour, he answers, That since he found her Resolution was settled in that point, and that the company of Father *Jovus*, which he thought so agreeable, was so distasteful to her on the sudden, she should not be troubled with him, farther than a slight view, if he should ask to see her : But to refrain from Inviting him, amongst the rest of the Reverend Tribe, 'twas now impossible, the Treat being promis'd for some time past, and he, amongst the rest, engag'd to be there that Evening.

To this she replys, She had no Priviledge to Contradict his Humour in relation to Guests, but must only excuse herself from coming amongst 'em, her Indisposition being as it was, besides her small Inclination to eat with that Ghostly company ; but above all the rest, with that noisie, impertinent, affected Fop, Father *Jovus*.

These you may think were words pleasurable enough to our Prudent *Richardo* ; who thus far saw his Plot take with success enough ; and therefore now only resolves upon the Witty Catastrophe : And so, to conclude, he therefore once more assuring his Wife she might use her own pleasure, and that he would order the Coach to be ready at the time she desired, goes out, to give command to his Servants to get ready the Evening Entertainment, and also to invite some of the choice Bald-pates of the Monastery ; but amongst
all

all the rest, to be sure to engage our fortunate Spiritual Director and Female Allurer, the Amiable Father *Jovus*.

The Servants in every point were obedient, and when the time came, and their Master and Lady were gone out, as they design'd, to take the Air, they were, during their absence, as diligent as possible in inviting the Guests, and preparing the Supper, that was order'd against their coming home. Two or three hours quickly slip't away, which ended, the Company all met, being a Fraternity extremely famous for punctuality on such an occasion: And *Richardo*, whose success in his late undertaking had put into a very good humour, was no less ready with free and generous Expence to confirm their Welcome; the Dishes being rare in their kind, and excellently dress'd, and their Wine even surpassing that which formerly us'd to indulge the Renown'd *Greeks*, or that rarity of *Phalernian* Juice, that has often been Immortaliz'd in the Celebrated Songs of the Famous Ancient Poets: In brief, nothing was wanting to compleat their Satisfaction but the presence of *Leonora*, who was very ceremonially enquir'd after by all, but particularly by our happy Monk Father *Jovus*; who, often taking notice of the Devout Attention and Constant Appearance of his fair Profelitte, could not forbear (having such an opportunity) expressing a certain eagerness in desire to see her.

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Richardo, tho he had very prudently defended himself from that plague of Jealousie, that often naturally disturbs some that had less Reason than himself, yet believing that our Tempting Apostle had taken an opportunity some time or other, under the umbrage of Spiritual Instruction, to allure his Wife to some pleasing frailties of Temporality, which had brought her to that extreme of blind Extravagance, and himself to the very push of Cuckoldom, had it not been by his own Diligence, Good Luck and Prudent Management *Wittily prevented* ; and also now having some reason to think that this Earnest enquiry of his had another design in it than meerly to give his Spouse Thanks upon a Religious account ; but principally reflecting that those Convent Vermin were generally famous for deluding and debauching frequently the Female part of their Flock, he resolves upon another turn in his Comedy, that should infallibly settle his own quiet, if it hit right, and revenge himself upon his Ghostly Horner, if he were really Guilty ; or if not, do him such little harm, that it should rather give occasion for a Jest, than any just Complaint for a receiv'd Injury.

He therefore taking him aside from the rest of the Shaven Crowns, who were by this time grown slick and shining with the repeated Brimmers they had sacrific'd ; and managing the hint of the Enquiry after his Wife as he thought fit, for his purpose,

pose, by putting on a melancholy Look, he harangues Father Jovus in this manner: I doubt not, my Religious and good Friend, but you wonder, that amongst the Courtesies of the present Entertainment, which I make for you and your Brethren, that I have not produc'd my Wife, to give the best addition with her Company and Welcome; she being, as I know you must have often observ'd, a constant Devotee to all Zealous and Pious Duties; and besides, so particular an Admirer of your Reverence, and your Sermons, that you were not more constant to the inside of your own Pulpit, than she to be seated under it; and with her Eyes so fixt upon your Face, that their Opticks never carryed sight so far as the Canopy over your Head; but of late days, to my great Amazement and Sorrow, I find that the old Enemy of Humanity the Devil, has had, in spite of all her Devotion, such Power and Prevalence, that I very much fear she is no better nor worse than possess'd with some little Imp of his Satannick Brood, that forces her to rail and revile with loud and abusive Words, and not only so, but scratch and bite all that come near her, or seek to reclaim or perswade her; knowing therefore how much your Sanctity is rever'd, and the Power and Efficacy it has over all Diabolical Instruments of Hell, I must entreat your Holy and Charitable assistance in this case, and that you would take the trouble upon you this minute to visit her; being well assured, that as soon as the malign Spirit, that now lies snug and perdue within the Cavity of her Breast, shall hear the Com-

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mands from that Divine Voice of yours, and feel the Sprinklings and terrible Chastisements of your Infalible Holy-Water-Bottle, it will immediately forsake her, render me a happy Husband, and give your Reverence the Reputation and Title of a Tamer of Devils, as well as an Instructor of Saints; delay not a moment then, Holy Father, I beseech ye, that Entrance there will bring you to her Chamber; go thither boldly, and whatever Passion she seems to be in, let it not balk the execution of your Pious Work, but persevere in the performance of your Exorcising Office, nor fear her, though she has given House-room to as many Devils as the Woman mentioned in the Scripture; for I, that have an entire dependance upon your rare Virtue, and the irresistible Power of your Divinity, make no doubt but to have her rendered to my Arms as good and dutiful a Wife, and to the Bosom of the Church as worthy and devout a Member as formerly.

The attentive Monk, that with a great deal of Satisfaction as well as Surprize had listened all this while to Richardo's Story, after some little consideration, believing every word of what had been said, not a little tickled with the opinion that his generous Entertainer had of his extream Virtue and Piety, gravely reply'd, It is too sad a Truth, Most Honour'd Son, that the implacable Enemy and Seducer of Mortality, has ever from the beginning exercised his horrible Power upon the weakest part; Women have in all Ages found it fatally proved, but I am extreamly

concerned that my beloved Daughter, your formerly Religious and good Consort, should so unfortunately lye under the Sting of his Inveteracy. But take comfort however, and since I perceive your Faith to be so strong, that you are assured the Virtue of a true Son of the Church can in an instant cast out Satan, and relieve your distressed Wife, permit that I may go and put it to the Tryal; that this Roaring Lion, this Devourer, may be baffled and hindered of his Prey, and that you may hereafter receive the Portion of Wedlock Blessings in as plentiful a measure as formerly. Which said, and justified with the Staple Assurance and Impudence of a right Monk, Richardo takes him by the Hand, and leads him to his Wife's Chamber-door; which he, pursuing the Authority given, immediately opens, proceeding onward to an Alcove, where Leonora lay, fretting at the Reflection she had just then made on her late Disappointment and Scandalous Usage; and then conceals himself in a little Dressing-Room adjoyning, where he could conveniently both hear and see every passage that was acted between the Monk and his Wife.

'Tis impossible to express the Confusion she was in at the sudden Appearance of Father Jovus, with his grave Face and Behaviour; she fell into a Trembling from Head to Foot; and, as if she really expected a second Scene of the Ropes-end Discipline, her Face became as pale as if she was just giving up the Ghost; but when she heard him fall into the
old

old Exorcism, of *Avoid Satan, avoid*, and found herself new Christen'd, and bespatter'd with his Holy Water sprinklings, retaining now fully an opinion that he design'd to end it with the same Smarting Regalia he had bestow'd on her of late, enraged now to the highest point of Female Mischief, her Eyes flaming with Anger, and her whole Visage chang'd from a Woman's to the very figure of a Fury, she calls him first all the Villanous Names were e're invented, upbraiding him with unmanly Baseness and Cowardice, that could induce him to strike, and beat at that Savage rate, like a common Trull, a Woman of her Quality, that had used him so well, and whom he had betrayed by his Letters to the Weakness she had committed. Which Repetitions of Beatings, Letters, Betrayings, and such like, as they were all like *Arabick* to Father *Jovus*, and only thought as such frantick and senseless Stuff as the Devil that posselt her put into her Mouth, so did he not fail incessantly to plash her from Head to Foot with Water, still bawling out in a loud tone, *Avoid Satan, be gone, thou Father of Lyars, who knowest I am not Cholerick by Complection, nor ever corrected a Penitent, especially a Woman with any thing but Ghostly Instruction, nor ever sent a Letter to any one of that Sex, unless now and then to put 'em in mind of Confession. Ah thou shame to the Coat thou wear-est,* fiercely replied Leonora, *didst not thou send me a seducing Answer by my Page on St Bridget's day last,*
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dated from thy Dormitory, where thou wert roasting Apples to make Lambs-wool to regale some of your Tribe, who were coming to play at *Trente Quarante* (Stories which to amuze her, her Husband us'd to fill up his Letters with.) *Ab Ave Maria*, not I, thou Hellish Imp, replied the Monk, for I remember I was that night, with a Widow of that name at Supper upon Butter'd Crawfish, and afterwards diverted my self with her and her Maids at Questions and Commands till morning. Thou Monster, retorted Leonora, and canst thou also deny, that last Sunday morning thou sentest me another to request a meeting, and get my Husband out of the way, by the same Token that thou wert just then gobbling up an Egg-Candle, made on purpose to strengthen thee. Jesu and St Dominick, interrupted the Monk, I hate Candle, thou abominable Fiend, like thy Tutor the Devil, and never eat an Egg in my Life; therefore cease thy Diabolical Villany, and be gone, avoid me this instant, for if thou stayest a moment longer ——— With which words raising his Voice, as intending to begin a stricter Exorcism, Leonora, freshly irritated by that last provoking sound, and certainly expecting the Ropes-end to be forthcoming from under his long Robe, by way of prevention, snatches the Tongs out of the Chimney, and with a flaunting blow on the side of his Head, made that part and his Ear run down with Blood: Nor was this sufficient to allay the Devil, that was now really rais'd,

but

but to second her stroke, falling fiercely upon him like an Imprison'd Cat, markt with her Scatches above twenty places in his Face; and driving him about the Room, as a fierce Hound does a Bull that is Baiting, she had, no doubt, more fatally mortify'd him, had not her Husband, who now had heard and seen enough, and was thoroughly satisfy'd that her Cure was perfect, come hastily from his Enscencement in the Dressing-Room. As soon as ever she saw *Richardo* she ceas'd all Noise and Action, as not intending her Husband should know any thing of the matter, from her; and believing the Monk would keep it a Secret for his own sake: But however, their being in this mute posture at his coming in, gave occasion for the most Comical passage belonging to this Story; for Father *Jouns*, tho he had been us'd by her fury in this terrible manner, yet, not willing to believe he had lost his Saint-like Virtue; but that the Wicked Spirit, that had been thus Romantick and Violent, was at last forc'd to fly from his Holy Exorcism; now perceiving her to cease, and grow calm, believ'd it certainly to be from the Effects of his Sacred quality. And being that instant taken away by *Richardo*, who could scarce forbear laughing, to get a Plaister for his broken Head, and some Remedies for his other Ails, could not hinder Publick Ejaculations and Thanks to his particular Saints, all the way he went, for his admira-

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ble Success; exhorting *Richardo* to do the same daily for one whole year; and assuring him, that his Spouse was now, and would always continue to be, by the means of his Prayers and the Church's Assistance, reinstated in her former Understanding, Devotion and Virtue.

Richardo seeming to joyn with him in that opinion, returns him abundance of Thanks; nor thought that only sufficient, but pulling out a Purse, Engag'd some Golden Angels to pay the price of Smart-money; and so with his latter Generosity sent the Monk home to his Monastery in such good Humour, that he not only forgot the Blows, Bites and Scratches he had receiv'd, but was so entirely pleas'd with this apparent Victory, which he suppos'd his Divine Virtue had gain'd over the Devil, that he could not forbear immediately divulging the performance to all his Fraternity; who being all of his own Kidney, and upon very easie terms ready to swallow any Story, tho never so improbable, that seem'd to advance their Trade, spread it round about the adjacent Convents to all their Votaries; by which means the Credit of Father *Jovus* was extremely rais'd amongst 'em all, as well as his own late extraordinary performance particularly admir'd by himself.

But on the other side, *Leonora*, who had, she thought, a kind of Promise from her Husband, that she should not be disturb'd with that ungrateful Com-

pany,

any, and especially with his, whom she had distinguished and exprest to be so distasteful to her, could not help frowning upon Richardo, who came soon after to visit her, and seem'd to put on a second amazement at the passages had chanc'd; she told him, That she was extremely sorry that he thought her Religious Exercises so slightly perform'd; and that she had so little Interest with him, that, in spite of her declar'd Aversion and Change of Humour, he had sent the only person she dislik'd, amongst all the Shaven Tribe, to Catechise her, and shew his Priestly Domineering Power over her, that was hereafter resolv'd to endure it from none of 'em, and much less from him, whom now she had so much reason to despise; but since she found it was his pleasure to teize her, if the Saucy Monk, by his Insolent Behaviour, had rais'd her Passion so high, that it surmounted the Decorum and Modesty belonging to a Gentlewoman, he must e'en take it for his pains. To which her Husband, excusing himself, reply'd, That what Insolence he had us'd to her he was ignorant of, but that he could not hinder his coming to see her, without the apparent Scandal of Discourtesie or Jealousie: For, says he, *should I have deny'd that Handsome Monk, whose Preachments and Church Discourses you have so often publickly follow'd and admir'd, what could the rest of the Company think, but that, through a sordid Doubt of my own Merit and*

Abilities, I was afraid to trust a second person privately with the Virtue and Beauty of my Wife. This said, with some new Endearments and Embraces, in some little time after she cheers up again, and seem'd very well satisfy'd, that her Husband, as she thought, fell not into the true knowledge of the Business; and at the same time, being now thoroughly cur'd of that unreasonable Folly and Passion, which had some time before so mischievously infected her, and now really retaining a solid Aversion for the Monk's Person, as well as his suppos'd Barbarity and unmanly Temper, she resolv'd to proceed in her former track of Virtue; and looking on her escape to be a particular Act of Providence, design'd for the future a sole and faithful Affection for her Husband, and a discreet regard to the Honour of her Family, and the Virtuous bringing up and instructing of her Beautiful Children.

The Prudent Husband, always loving his Wife entirely, who was that instant but just entred into her twentieth year; and perceiving now, to his full satisfaction, that his late well contriv'd and ingenious Plot had gain'd the desir'd Success he hop'd for, and that his Beloved *Leonara*, by his management of matters, was not only reduc'd to her former Affection and Duty to him, but entertain'd a solid dislike of the Person and Quality of him she had lately so sottishly sought after and doated on; placing all the former miscarriage upon her Youth and

and greenness of years, discreetly resolv'd, for the lasting Confirmation of their future Peace and Amity, never to let her understand that he had any knowledge of the matter, on her side; nor through any vain desire of Applause for his Wit, or to be more observ'd or fear'd by her upon the account of the discovery, to expose what he had done himself; but generously concluded, since so happy an end had crown'd his undertakings, and part of it had been manag'd with some rough usage, not adequate with his Gentlemanlike, easie and obliging temper, to let all things be Buried in Oblivion; and not make his Wife uneasie, by knowing him to be the Churlish Administerer of the strange Medicine that had done that benefit: But to let all things run again in an even Channel, as if her Virtue had never been in danger, his Cuckoldom never been design'd, or there had been any occasion to cause so strange an Infatuation amongst the Canting Tongue-pads of the *Romish* Church, by wittily making a Property of so alluring a Perverter as our aforesaid Monk Father *Jovus*.

The Moral of this Story is very proper to give a hint to all people of worth, who are honour'd with Wedlock, wisely to take care of the management of Accidents, that may chance to relate to the Dishonour of a Family; no Action of Life shewing a Husband more Prudent, than a weighty and careful Consideration, to prevent (or if that is not possible)

lible) with Temper and Judgment to manage Female Failings wisely; reflecting, that a Wife is a sort of a Chest, that may have a false Key, without ever giving occasion to find fault with the Lock—— Alluding to the Poet *.

*There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:
All Goods besides, by Publick Marks are known;
But what we most desire to keep, has none.*

* Dryden.

Loyalty's Glozy :
OR, THE
True Souldier
OF
HONOUR.

The Second Tragick Story.

Done from Monsieur *de R. S.*'s
Secret History of *China*, into Blank Verse.

Address'd to the

Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*,
AND

The General Officers of the Army.

WITH

Large Additions and Embellish-
ments, by *T. D.*

Loyalty & Glory :
OF THE
True Soldier
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LOYALTY'S GLORY:

O R,

The True Souldier of Honour.

The Second Tragick Story.

WHen *China*, wanting Providential Care,
 Her Guardian Genius fled, had long unblest,
 Stood on the brink of Fortune's Precipice,
 Shaking for fear of the Approaching Fall,
 To push it down there came a Stubborn Thief,
Lycungzus call'd—a Savage Dunghil Carle,
 Of Birth obscure, of Lineage infamous;
 Harden'd and train'd in the *Banditti's* Trade,

With

With Crowds of Vagrant Rebels at his Heels ;
 (Who, flusht with late Success, resolv'd on Mischief,
 Still gather'd daily, like a Ball of Snow.)

To *Pekin*, the Metropolis Imperial
 Of great *Zunchinus* *, and with tainted Breath,
 Made loud by Insolence and Bestial Fury,
 Demanded the Surrender of the City.

† *Xenst* and *Honan* he had just subdued,
 And in each place through which his Numbers past,
 Defil'd the Rich and Stately Palaces ;
 Filling the Seat of every Golden Throne
 With his base self, and ord'ring Diadems,
 That circled late the Brows of Rightful Princes,
 Descending lineally to *China's* Empire,
 T'impale his abject Head, whilst forc'd by Power,
 The hard-yok'd Natives mixt Applause with Curses,
 And with false Shoutings grac'd his Coronation.

When *Zunchin*, who his slender *Gard du Corps*
 Saw beaten back, the Walls being broken down,
 And wretched Inmates flying from the Gush

* *Emperor of China.*

† *Two Provinces in China.*

Of that fierce Torrent ; ev'n his very Palace
Poorly defended, by a Trembling few,
That waited but the Foes approach, to yield ;
Finding no hope was left him to evade,
Fill'd with Despair and Life-consuming Sorrow,
Sent an Attending Slave to bid his Wife,
With her two Children, his sweet Son and Daughter,
To meet him in his Garden ; where soon after
They came ; but oh, what Tongue can e're express,
What Wit describe, or skilful Pencil draw
That awful Scene of Woe : The Gracious Empress,
Tho mellowing Years had worn off Beauty's bloom,
Yet shew'd the Fruit replete with fresh Delight,
Now suff'ring under Fortune's bitter Blast,
With'ring hung down her Head, her dropping Eyes,
When Emptied, viewing in her Lords pale Cheek
The Ruine of their House, and awful Race
Of the Renown'd * *Taimingus* ; in her Hand
She led her little Son, whose Innocence
Prov'd, in the Graces of his fearless Look,
Appear'd, as if it scorn'd all Ills of Fortune,
That would disturb his Life's Tranquility.

* *Head of the Royal Family.*

But in her Daughter's Face, the Charming Princess,
 Whom fifteen years of Joy and Luxury,
 Had drest with Beauty seeming more than Mortal :
 Imagine some Celestial Cherubim,
 By the Eternal mission'd to denounce
 New Plagues on Earth for Sin, whose Rosie Aspect,
 Tho tinctur'd with the Rays of Blooming Glory,
 Yet in her Eyes held Drops of Pearly Sorrow,
 Th' effect of Pity, which gave some allay
 To the Enchanting Sweetness of her Form.
 So lookt the Royal Virgin, whom her Father
 Beholding with Indulgent Eagerness,
 That shew'd at once Paternal Love and Grief,
 Taking by th' Hand, white as her Taintless Virtue
 And at the instant circling his Dear Consort,
 Intreated their Attention to his Speech :
 Then sitting down by an old Fountain's brink,
 Where *Niobe* was Ominously figur'd,
 Mourning the Fate of her unhappy Offspring :
 Brim full his Eyes of deep & overwhelming Woe,
 The awful Sire, with low and faltering Voice,
 Began his dire Harrangue, † *Let Cruel Fate*

† *Zunchin's last Speech to his Wife and Children.*

*Persist, and Triumph in Wild Tyranny,
Let th' Angry Ministers of Providence,
In execution of Eternal Will,
Turn Empires upside down, Order confound,
And Ruin'd China make the Meed of Slaves ;
But let not, O ye Partners of my Soul,
The only Treasures my curst Stars have left me ;
Let not the last, the best of Zunchiu's Race,
The Branches of Taimingus's Sacred Stem
Veil their high tops, bow'd by the Breath of Thieves :
Hateful Rebellion here has done its worst ;
The Dunghil Worm, bred in the Poy's'nows heap,
Now crawling thence, and swoln with Heat and Strength,
Aspires to sting the Kingly Forrest Lyon,
And rears his Speckled Crest above his Master.
Let all this be ; but let not us, whose Souls
Despise the Blind Effects of Partial Chance,
Submit to Accident : But scorning Life,
Shew the base Vagrants the vast difference
Twixt Royalty and them. And here his Arms
Twining around the Empress and his Daughter,
And giving his sweet Boy a tender Kiss,
The Imperial Hero, fir'd with a brave Resolve,
Forethought on and decreed, from out his Bosom,*

A Dagger there some time conceal'd, unsheath'd,
 And with three dreadful Stabs struck home to each;
 Releas'd their Souls, to mount the Imperial Heaven:
 Which done, and with fixt Eye beholding now
 The Desolation his quick Hand had made,
 All sprinkled over with the Filial Crimson
 Of his lov'd Off-spring, who by sad Returns
 From goary Wounds sent back the Blood he gave.
 Kneeling for a last Kiss, *'Tis thus*, he cry'd,
I must preserve your Fame: Thus have you scap'd,
Ye Royal sole Possessors of my Heart,
The Shame design'd by Rebel Insolence.
And thus Zunchinus, hating Life without ye,
Makes haste to follow. At which word, the Dagger,
 With the rich Dye of his kind Empress stain'd,
 Once more up rear'd, in his own Breast he plung'd,
 And sinking down, fell'd by the fatal blow,
 With his last Pang embrac'd his Family.

Scarce had this Tragedy its Bloody period,
 When a gross Body of the Rebels Troops
 Begirt the Palace round, and Proud *Lycungzus*,
 Ent'ring the Gates, and Murd'ring all he met,
 Sought for the Royal Prize: ; which missing there,

The

The Garden next his Insolence invades ;
Where soon, the Terrible, but Glorious Scene,
Of Slaughter'd Majesty, in Pomp of Death,
Regal'd his brutish Sight : Which having view'd,
An Angry Frown curling his gloomy Front,
He curses Fortune, that had hindred thus
His Hand from the Renown of that high Deed.

Bur pleas'd however, that the Object gave
His boundless Lust of Tyranny full sway,
Since now were left none of the Kingly Race
To stop his towring Hopes. Soon as the Earth
(To make it plain appear, that all are equal
And level in the Grave) had taken in
The cold Remains of fallen Majesty,
Who, by his Order, poorly was Interr'd ;
Resolving to sit fast in his new Greatness,
He summons straight the Nobles to a meeting,
Where some thro Int'rest came, but most for Fear ;
And by the means of Power Exorbitant,
Forcing their Homages against their Will,
Indulges with Opinion of Secureness ;
Believing vainly every Heart and Tongue
Were form'd to adore his Fortune, and be Loyal,

Since

Since *Uz*, * the greatest, most rever'd of all,
Whom *Pekin* honoured for their Wealth or Wisdom
Had prais'd his bold Accession to the Throne.

This aged Sire, bent with the weight of years,
Now prone to Weakness, through defect of Time,
By the Usurper soon was known to be
The Father of the general † *Uzangues*,
That 'gainst the *Tartars* led the *Chinese* powers,
And now was on their utmost encamp't,
Ready for Action, the next offer'd hour,
That brave occasion sent to serve his Country.
Lycungzus therefore finding his return,
And the Obedience of his Martial Troops,
Would be of powerful use to prop his Conquest,
Resolv'd to work upon the timorous Nature
And Inclination to soft Ease and Quiet,
Which ancient *Uz* had shown, so to recall
The bold young Warriour, with the Empires force
Now under his Command, to obey this change.
One sorted hour then, sending for the Parent,
Whose Doubts and Fears, perplext with Diffidence,

* *An old Chinese Nobleman.*

† *The Hero of the Story.*

Perpetually gave Comfort new allay;
As constant Waiters, in a Tyrants Reign;
He boldly speaks the purport of his Will,
Yet wrapt in artificial Veils of Kindness,
And tells him with a Smile, Unbounded Honours,
And show'rs of Wealth should on the instant fall
On him and his brave Son, if he Revolt,
And aid his new Accession with his Arms.
Then thinking it most proper for his purpose,
To mix a Terror with his offer'd Bounty;
He adds, If this Indulgent Grace be slighted,
He would not warrant any Head secure,
That 'gainst his Power durst stand in opposition:

The poor Old Man, whom with'ring blasts of
(Time
Depriv'd of the late Vigour warm'd his Heart;
Shockt with the Rebels frown, and over-aw'd,
Trembling reply'd, His utmost diligence
Should be exerted to perswade his Son.
And thus with some Caresses from *Licungzuo*,
And Promises, the flashy Bribes of Court,
Being dismiss, he to his home repairs,
Where for some days his Cares were multiply'd,

R

With

With cautious thinking how he should proceed
 In this nice matter, and what methods use,
 As well as what endearing Eloquence,
 To save remains of his endanger'd Life,
 And finish it in sweets of promis'd Greatness,
 By his Brave Son's Revolt from Loyalty:
 He knew there was no dallying with the Tyrant,
 Whose Rage, as sudden as his upstart Power,
 Would swell beyond all bounds, were it oppos'd,
 And give no space to thought. Prest by this instance,
 He straight resolves a Letter to Indite,
 And to his Dutiful *Uzangues* send,
 Fraught with the whole Concern, his own sad Case,
 Compliance being deny'd, and vast Preferment
 Attending his Consent. The weighty Scroll,
 As from his Aged Brain, and quivering Hand,
 It fill'd the Paper, bore its tenour thus.

** That 'tis in Thee, thou sole remaining Joy
 Of an Indebted Father, that my Age*

* The Letter of Uz to his Son the Chinese General, to engage his return with the Army.

Has yet some Hopes of Comfort, needs no owning,
The Certainty not having room for Doubt ;
And that I think my Happy Int'rest more
In thee, my Son, than any other Friend ;
And that my Counsel, bred from Solemn Thought,
Will find Regard from thy Judicious Sense,
I'll not Mistrust, supposing I'm Secure ;
Thy Duty, from thy Tender Infancy,
To Manly state, being faultless and unstain'd.
I therefore, without farther Circumstance,
Will fall upon the Subject, which disclos'd,
Heaven, and the care of thy kind Fathers Life,
Inspire thy Reason. 'Tis now too well known
To the griev'd Empire, my Belov'd Uzangues,
That great Zunchinus, our late Royal Master,
With his Brave Hand, Himself and Family
Preserv'd, from th' Insolence of Threatning Fate.
And that Licungzus, Bold and Fortunate,
The Minion now of that Inconstant Goddess,
Has rais'd himself to govern in his stead,
Which sudden Change, tho dreadful to all those,
Who, to preserve their Peace, are Slaves to Power ;
Yet, since Superiour Ordinance decrees
China, to stand upon no other Basis,

'Tis proof of highest Wisdom to submit ;
 No proper means being left us to oppose,
 Nor ought but Will to make a Contradiction :
 Know therefore, that amongst the first of Claims,
 Which our new Scourge, whom now we must call Master,
 Propos'd to strengthen his Despotick sway,
 Thy Valour, and the Troops by thee commanded,
 To be recall'd, and added to his own,
 Was most material thought, this will inform thee ;
 And to effect it, he has Brib'd thy Father,
 To be a kind of civil Advocate ;
 Proposing Gifts of Royal Quality,
 And Honours added to unbounded Wealth,
 To impale thy Head and mine, if I succeed ;
 And thy Consent, convey a Blest Return.
 If not, the Frown of Fate is on his Brow,
 And in Revenge, quick as the Lightning, blasts
 The tender new-born Blossoms of the Spring.
 So shall my Hoary Hairs be shrivell'd up
 By his Consuming Rage ; and thou, my Blessing,
 If fickle Chance, unconstant in her Favour,
 Should cloud thy future progress of Success,
 Be by his Fury reacht, and dragg'd to Ruine.
 Let Caution then, and dear Self-preservation,

 Instru^t

Instruct thee wisely to obey the Time.
Honour, the Ventrous Warriour's Deity,
Tho still ador'd, and cherisht beyond Life,
Can never have such Power to Illustrate,
And make itself the thing it would be thought :
As when Immortaliz'd with Potent Wealth ;
Wealth cements Power, and makes it stronger still.
If then the Lust of Conquest charm thy Heart,
Believe it! soonest got, aided by Riches.
One Golden Mattock shaking a Foundation,
More than a hundred Rusty Spades of Iron.
Consider this, and crown thy days with Pleasure ;
Thy Honour is establisht, now let Int'rest,
The Idol of the World, and most rever'd,
Be worth a Thought : Regard thy self, my Son.
Or if thy Military Humour hinder,
At least, through Gratitude remember me ;
As one that's bound and pinion'd to a Stake,
Ready to be destroy'd, without thy Succour.
Think then withal, my Gen'rous Gift of Life
To thee, exacts thy strictest Care of mine:
Duty and Gratitude are on my side,
Both strong, and both engaging thy Compliance.
Thy poor old Father's Blood too, claims thy Pity,

That must by th' Hangman's Ax or Knife be shed.
 If that of mine, that warmly fill'd thy Veins,
 Should stagnate now, unnaturally Cold.
 Bear also this in mind : And Ob reflect
 Upon Indulgence and Paternal Goodness,
 Which, like the Heavenly Gourd in Sacred Writ,
 That sav'd the Prophet from Insulting Storms,
 Shelter'd thy Infant Bloom from Blasts and Danger.
 Lastly, Reflect too that 'tis I that Sue ;
 Thy Father ; one, who by that Awful Title,
 May naturally change it to Command :
 Which yet I wave, to move with Friendly Breath,
 As well as Parent-like, thy kind Obedience,
 Shewn in thy quick Consent. If then thou tenderst
 My present Quiet, and my future Safety,
 And dost not grudge me a few Happy Days,
 Whose past, were all employ'd in Care for thee,
 Fashion thy Duty to the Time's Distress ;
 Please the Young Emperour, and hasten home,
 With all thy well prov'd, Victorious Troops, to Pekin ;
 Where Welcomes will be given to thy Desert,
 Of solid Consequence, and rich Reward,
 With shining Grace shall Smile upon thy Service.
 Once more then, Take Advice, my Dear Uzangues ;

And

And let not Vain and Obstinate Chimera's,
Of Tyes of Duty in another kind,
Begot by Stubborn Will or False Opinion,
Pervert thy Reason, and undo thy Fortune ;
But let thy own, and thy old Father's Welfare,
Weigh down such Idle Thoughts, and turn the Scale.
The hot young Phaeton, that now aspires,
And sits aloft, guiding the Reins of Empire,
Retains the Power to Scorch us, or to Comfort :
Since then we cannot grasp the Thunderbolt,
Or Aet a Jove, to dash Ambition headlong,
Let us be Wise, and mould him to a Temper,
May canse the Fiery Coursers of his Will
To Gallop right : His Promises are fair,
And seem directly bent to do us Honour,
And raise the Glory of our Ancient House ;
Let thy return then fix the Happy Greatness,
Thy Valour and thy Virtue well deserves :
Release thy Kind Old Father from his Fears,
And gild his yet remaining Days with Joy.

This Letter, with the weighty words it bore,
Was on the instant, by a Trusty Post
Dispatcht, to the Young General Uzangniss.

Who, in his Tent was found among the Chiefs;
 That bore Command, consulting Schemes of War,
 Deep Stratagems, that might the Foe surprize,
 And settle Policies to aid their Power.
 Here then the Aspiring Muse designs to Paint
 The Brave Young Hero, in his Character;
 That so the rest of *Europe's* Valiant Sons,
 Who for their Country and for Fame bear Arms,
 May all, as in a faithful Mirrour view
 A Noble Souldier in his true Perfection.

* Now five and twenty times bisfronted *Janus*
 Had given appointed period to the Year,
 Since first the Brave *Uzangues* saw the Sun
 Pursue *Aurora*, grac'd with Morning Blush;
 Yet not each day so fast had crowded on,
 As had some Act been done of good account,
 To recommend him to succeeding Time.
 His Infant years gave Birth to blooming Virtues,
 That with a prosp'rous Shoot and lucky Vigour,
 Repell'd the Cankring Mildews of the World,
 And shew'd the timely Fruit well grown and fair.

* *A noble Character of a General Officer.*

And when the dazling Beauty of Renown,
Had charm'd his riper Years to follow *Mars*,
His Infant Modesty still girt him close.
Arms as defensive as the Sword he wore,
'Gainst Leudness, or unmanner'd Insolence :
So diffident too, of his true Desert,
That when at first trusted with small Command,
He Acted in a Post below his Merit,
He would not take a greater till his Valour,
Blest with Success in many Glorious Actions,
Had sham'd the Great, that sat at the Court helm,
For not preferring the Young Hero sooner.
Bold in all Brave Attempts, and void of Fear,
Prudent in Danger, but withal despising
The Rashness that oft taints ungovern'd Youth,
Subdued at all times by Mature Resolve,
That gave his Reason Rules to Act securely :
The Influencing Power o'th' Elements
In his Complexion was Divinely mixt,
Phlegm did not clog, nor Choler e're aspire,
The Cold had just Allay, as had the Fire,
And to extreams were never known to rise :
Nay, tho in Execution of his Office,
'Mongst Peasant Clods, dull and indocible,

Teach-

Teaching his Files the Military Art,
 Passion had just Excuse, yet was he Calm ;
 And oft, tho tir'd, would pity the poor Wretch,
 That in Convulsion strove to apprehend ;
 Sence being starv'd, by the great dearth of Brains.

Thus, as Humanity Inspir'd his Soul,
 So prudent Moderation rul'd his Heart, (glory,
 Which Conquest could not bloat up with Vain-
 Nor Fortune with an Envious turn depress.
 By good or ill Successes still unmov'd,
 Both were receiv'd with an unfurrow'd Brow.
 Lastly, to crown the Virtues of his Mind,
 Which shone like Gems in an Imperial Circle,
 His Brightest Grace was stedfast *Loyalty* :
Loyalty, the true Heir of Deathless Honour,
 The Noblest Ornament adorns a Souldier ;
 Which, as his Scarf encompasses his Body,
 Should decorate and twine around his Soul,
 Was like Religion held in Reverence,
 And by the Hero valu'd to Extreme.

The Glittering Idol of the fordid World,
 Gold, that perverts the Grave as well as Gay,

The

The Reverend Clergy, and Judicious Law ;
That makes the Prelate Squint at Symony,
And Plotting States-man Snicker with a Bribe ;
Within his Generous Bosome had no Int'rest,
Nor Praise, nor Profit, nor the Charms of State,
Fatal Disgrace, nor rich Preferment's Glory,
The force to shake deep rooted Honesty,
Which made him like a lofty Cedar spread,
The Wonder of the Plains ; and shew Mankind,
By Method, and his own Renown'd Example,
What should compleat a Noble Officer ;
Who, bred to Virtue, and by Valour warm'd,
By Reason guided, and by Temper blest,
By Pay enliven'd, by Successes pleas'd,
And heartned by the Justice of his Cause,
May vaunt to have the best of all Professions ;
Renown'd i'th' first Age of the Infant World,
And settled in Repute to present Times.

Thus was this Miracle of Men endow'd,
Who now was discontentedly employ'd :
Reading the Epistle of his weak old Sire,
Who, frighted with the Rebels Lawless Pow'r,
Had giv'n Advice proper for Age and Fear,

But

But derogating from a Souldier's Honour ;
 Two powerful Passions sway'd at once his Soul,
 A Filial Terror for his Father's Danger,
 And Generous Rage, reflecting on the Cause :
 Which how were vented, and what Answer sent,
 Touching a Resolution in the Case,
 Twixt Dutious Tendernefs and High-priz'd Honor,
 Within the Second Canto will appear.

The End of the First Canto.

Can-

Canto the Second.

Night, Queen of Shades, great Patroness of Rest,
In whose Blest Reign Insulting Care is banisht,
That frees from Troubles of the Anxious Day,
The Bustling Mortal, who for Worldly Gain,
Wearies his Lab'ring Soul, as well as Body ;
That Blessing that tir'd Nature still relieves,
And with kind Influence sheds thoughtless Peace
On all Mankind, but Murderers and Lovers,
Had now on Brave *Uzangues* no effect,
Whose Mind perplext, forbad his Eyes to close ;
The dire Epistle from his Father sent,
Replete with Death, or what was worse, Dishonour,
Disturb'd the slumbring quiet of his Brain,
And Riotous Disorder brought instead :
Large was the Tyde of Woe o'reflow'd his Breast,
When painful Thought possesst him with the Danger
His Life was in, that of his own, was Parent ;

His

His gen'rous Heart with Filial Duty pants,
His Pulse beats high, his Cheeks wear deadly Pale,
And his whole Frame shakes with the sad Reflection.
A thousand frightful Images appear,
Form'd by the Spleen, all representing Horror.
He dreamt he saw his Father, stript and bound,
Groaning beneath the Contumelious Stripes,
Dol'd by the hateful Executioner ;
As Prologue to the following Tragedy.
Then saw the fatal Knife plung'd in his Bosom ;
At which, with starting, his lost Sence return'd,
Stabbing his Heart with tort'ring Discontent,
To think that this, in real Act, depended
Upon the weighty Circumstance his Answer
Would bring to Court. Long time reflecting thus,
His Noble Heart, with soft Compassion fill'd,
Set all the Dutious Tracts before his Eyes,
Nature could fashion, or Religion dictate ;
His Fathers Life was tenderly regarded,
And every pang of the approaching Vengeance,
That must pursue the Crime of his Refusal,
Opprest his Gen'rous Heart with present woe.
But then when Honour's all transcending form,
Darting a Beam, inspir'd him with its Radiance,

Whose

Whose matchless Beauty ruffled with a Frown,
Seem'd as offended at a guilty Thought,
That would pervert his Virgin Loyalty,
And vitiate the Renown adorn'd a Souldier,
He grew ashamed of t'others feeble Force,
That strove to shock a Power so Superiour.
The Ruin of his Race then weakly moves,
The Tyes of Duty, and his Filial Pity,
Stand in no sort of equal Competition,
With that great Law that charms a Hero's Soul,
Firmly resolving then, that no degree
Of Danger on his House or Him impending,
No Threats of Horror, nor no flatt'ring Bribes,
From him he Nobly Thought, and stil'd Usurper.
Tho the bad Cause was pleaded in his favour
By his old Sire, who gave him Primitive Being,
Should make him faulter now in the least point
Of Loyal Candour to his late dead Master :
And what toucht nearer yet, his enslav'd Country.
He takes a Pen, and what his Active Thought
To his Hand dictates, in a Specious Answer
To his Expecting Father, thus inscribes.

* It is not, Sir, without much Grief and Shame,
 That I have read th' Epistle lately sent :
 Grief to observe th' Apostate state of Honour,
 Which ebbing Judgment and declining Years,
 Opprest by Tyranny, and charm'd by Avarice,
 Have brought ye to ; nor am I less perplext
 With Shame, to find the Blood I bear of yours,
 Is by a foul Revolt from Loyalty,
 Made Infamous and Vile, since you can study,
 And form th' Impulses of your Aged Brain,
 With feeble Reasons, and worse Sophistry,
 To set a Gloss upon Deform'd Rebellion,
 And make the foulest of all Vices fair.
 You say indeed, Fear gave the first occasion,
 The Dread of Upstart Power, and Lawless Will.
 And 'tis the best Excuse that you can make.
 The Cold of lepid Age, and Nature's Frailty,
 Has made ye shake, and in a Trembling Fit,
 Chilling the Vigour, that was once so sprightly,
 Taught ye to Counsel me t' observe the times :
 Blinded with Promises of Courtly Gifts.

* The Noble Answer of the General Uzangues to his Father's Letter.

Your Thoughts of the Usurper too, are favourable ;
 Who, standing high on Fortune's Pyramid,
 Fearing with every Gust and Adverse Turn,
 To tumble headlong : And on th' instant wanting
 The Pow'rs I lead to prop his Giddy Greatness,
 Would take upon him to Bribe me with Honours,
 That are not in his Power to bestow.
 For, let the hoodwinkt Goddess, that can swell
 The lowest Clods of Earth to Lofty Mountains,
 Exalt a Rebel high as Cinthia's Orb,
 He shall by me be thought a grovelling Slave,
 Infringer of all Laws, Divine and Humane ;
 That like an Ominous Meteor high is set,
 As a portentous Terror to the World,
 Forerunning Heavenly Wrath, which when asswag'd
 By fervent Prayer, or Penitential Duty,
 Th' ill-boding Blaze extinguishes of course :
 And like a School-boys Kite, the twine being broke,
 That held the Soaring Toy above the Clouds,
 Precipitating dashes into pieces.
 Besides, Oh most Rever'd, forbear to think,
 Inform your Reason, that now seems defective ;
 Nor e're imagine a Licentious Vagrant,
 Deprav'd from Justice and Humanity,

Barbarous, Unpolish'd, Savage, Rash, Unlearn'd,
And prov'd deficient in a Servants Duty,
Can ever know the Office of a Master.

His Bounties are subservient to his Humour,
And as his unfixt wavering Fancy turns,
So shall his Creature, curst by Court dependance,
Be Honour'd or Disgrac'd: Remember also,
Great Names and Titles are but Blasts of Air:
Both of such mean account, that modest Virtue
Scarce thinks 'em worth the poor Return of Thanks.
Alluring Gold too, valu'd but as Dross,
By the Brave man, whose Soul despises Fortune,
Tho given by a Rightful Royal Donor.

But oh, how vile, how beyond mention base,
Is that lost Wretch so far can condescend
T' accept 'em from a Villain, a curst Thief,
That has so little Right to dispose Benefits
To others, or to gratifie Desert,
That he ought rather (to do Common Justice)
Yield himself up to the Offended Law,
A Cord incircling the vile Neck that propt
The Head of the most abject thing on Earth,
An odious Traytor. Oh then give me leave
To burn the Paper, and consume to Ashes

The Guilty Lines that hinted a Revolt
From Sacred Loyalty, on any terms,
To take Advancement from a Slave, I scorn :
Whom I had rather pull down from the height,
Where now he sits, the Scare-crow of the times ;
And be so much indebted to my Stars,
To bend beneath my Sword to tread his Neck,
And linkt with Iron, drag to Death deserv'd ;
Than wear the Diadem that brightest shines,
'Mongst all the Potent Kingdoms of the East.
So much does the Rich Current of that Blood,
That freezes in your Veins, but boyls in mine,
Disdain th' Affront of Offer'd Dignity,
Propos'd by such a Monster. And thus, Sir,
One Special Article of your Epistle
I must presume to Answer. But proceeding ;
What next appears is weightier, a position
That tender Nature forces to its side,
And to regard, obliges Filial Piety ;
The danger of your life by a refusal
Of base Obedience to the Tyrants Will :
Which that I would secure, with any Hazard
That might expose my own, Oh all ye Powers
That know the deep Resentments of my Soul,
And with what Zeal I wish to save my Father,

Keeping his Honour faultless and unsoyl'd,
Be witness ; and inspire him to believe,
Would fell Licungzus take me in your stead,
And study Tortures for my Death, as Cruel
As Hell, with all th' Infernal Policy,
Could e're possess him with, provided still
My Injur'd Country might be Nobly freed,
And his Destruction wrought by other means,
How freely would I suffer ; with what Joy
Surrender back the Noble Blood you gave,
Tinctur'd by Heaven with Sacred Loyalty,
To keep what's left of yours from vile Pollution :
But Life, without that Gem, you know's a Trifle.
You know, because you taught it me when young,
And Sow'd within my Heart the Precious Grain,
That yields ye now the Blessing of a Harvest.
Look then upon your late weak Condescension
To Effect the Tyrant's Will, but as a Megrim,
A Palsey of the Mind, a Pang of Age,
That for a moment, could Corrupt your Judgment,
To prize Remains of a few wretched days,
Plagu'd with the Curse of Arbitrary Sway ;
Before a vast Eternity with Honour.
As then by the Obligements of my Duty,
Which you may justly Challenge, as my Father,

You

You press me to be Tender of your Life ;
So by th' Obligements of your Loyalty,
Due to your late dead Master and your Country,
Which Noble Justice binds ye to pursue ;
I humbly beg you to regard your Honour :
For without that, Life's but a vile Disease ;
And to be bravely rid on't, is best Cure.
On then, let this assurance reach your sence,
That to protect your Life, shall be my Care ;
If Ventrours Power, or Subtle Stratagem,
Enrich me with Success, Force shall prolong it,
And bright Renown shall joyn with future Comfort.
But, at Expence of my Integrity,
And to preserve it by an Act disloyal,
Vile, fearful, and what yet is worse than these,
By shaming the Brave Title of a Souldier,
Near as it is the Life flows through my Heart,
And dear as tendrest Love can influence,
I hold it as a Trifle, with Contempt,
And glory in my absolute Refusal.

This brave Resolve, th' Effect of solemn Thought,
Concludes the Answer, which as soon as seal'd,
Was by a trusty Post dispatcht to Pekin,
Where his old Sire, perplext 'twixt hope and fear,

Waited the Sentence of his Life or Death ;
The last of which soon terrify'd his Sence,
When he perus'd his Son's severe reply,
With all that black Despair could render dreadful.
Nor wanted he true cause, for vile *Licungzus*,
In whom Excuses or precarious words
Could raise no motions of Humanity,
Perceiving his late offers were rejected,
And that the General held his wonted course,
Of keeping all his Troops encampt at distance,
Ready for some Attempt to him unknown,
Resolv'd to Execute his former Threa ;
And to that end, dispatcht a Russian Guard
To seize on *Uz*, Plunder, and Raze his House,
And drag him thence to Prison in a Dungeon,
Loathsome and dark, where Criminals condemn'd,
Were shackled, till the hour of Fate reliev'd him.
Commanding too the Keeper of the Castle,
To feed him daily with unwholsome Dyet,
Disrelish with the Anguish of Despair.
And at his order, some Luxurious hour,
When Sparkling Goblets made a grand Debauch,
Adding a new Diversion to the Riot,
To strangle him, and perfect his Revenge.

It chanc'd the Officer that guarded him
In *Zunchin's* Troops had formerly born Arms ;
And therefore, as the Honour of a Souldier
Oblig'd him to Humanity, his Heart,
Far as he durst, gave signs of Tender Pity :
But knowing that *Licungzus* had his Spies,
That earn'd their Bread by watching all mens actions,
His Prudence taught him to disguise his Thoughts,
And act with Caution : In which sage Resolve
A while we'll leave him, to pursue the General ;
Whose prosecution of new Brave Attempts
Exacts Regard from all that read the Story.

Glory, tho 'twas the Idol of his Mind,
Yet Duty also bred true Reverence.
And as he knew his Father's certain Ruine,
Would be the fruit of his refus'd Obedience ;
So did it move the more, his near Concern
How to Revenge the Wrong, if not to hinder.
And therefore, 'mongst a thousand Plots his Brain
Had entertain'd, one only seem'd most proper ;
Which, tho at first appear'd scarce possible,
Soon after gave large hopes of good Success:

Uzangues had for some succeeding years,
 As is before related, turn'd his Arms
 Against his Country's Enemies, the *Tartars* :
 Their fierce Attacks too, often had repulst,
 And from their General acquir'd Applause,
 Which still the Brave to one another pay.
 To him, our Hero, blest with Happy Thought,
 A Missive sends, importing the Distress
 That Empire suffer'd, for which both their Bodies
 So often had been pierc'd : Painted *Lycungzus*
 In his true Horrid Shape. And in conclusion,
 Conjures him, by the Bright Renown he sought,
 The Virtue of a Souldier, by his Love,
 And all the Laws of Loyalty and Honour,
 To leave his present purpose in Suspence,
 And joyn with him against the Base Usurper,
 Who stood a Barrier to what both pursu'd :
 And then, when his Defeat or quick Destruction,
 The Glorious Prize had freed, contend anew.

The Valiant *Tartar*, who was truly Noble,
 And lov'd a Souldier for Intrinsic Worth,
 And not the Gloss of Fortune ; toucht too, nearly
 With the uncommon Suit of Brave *Uzangues*,

Dispatcht a Courier to the Cham his Master,
To beg his Grant: Who pleas'd with the Design,
On th' instant gave Commiſſion. And now the
(Borders
Groan'd with the weight of the united Troops,
That breath'd no Air, but Threats againſt the Rebel;
Who by reſounding Fame was ſoon inform'd
Of their Approach; and to reſiſt the Torrent,
He ſaw, with ſudden Guſh, come rolling on,
Straight ſummons all his Favourites and Friends,
To try, in this Perplexing Exigent,
The value of the Precious Gold or Droſs,
By Flattery, or by Truth of thoſe about him.
But yet, tho his Surprize begot ſome Fear,
Yet ſtill his Cruelty, which ſway'd that Paſſion,
Made him remember Uz, and his late purpoſe.
Reſolving therefore, that his Death by Torture,
Should Act firſt Vengeance on his Stubborn Son,
He fixt that Night to have the Tragedy
Perform'd before his Eyes, when a freſh Poſt,
Who Tydings brought th' Invaders were at hand,
Deterr'd that Object, by Affairs more preſſing,
Yet ſtopt it not: Strict orders to the Keeper,
Next morn to ſee the Execution done,

As

As he regarded his own Person's Safety,
Or valued the advantage of his favour.

And now the hurry of his own concerns
Exacting utmost Care, he takes the Field,
Mixing a Dissolute Crew of his Associates,
Who late assisted him in his Rebellion,
With *Chinese* Natives, whose late free Condition
Ill brookt the Slavish Bonds of Tyranny;
And therefore spar'd not, in perpetual Murmurs,
T' express the fervour of their Discontents.
But this had no Effect upon *Licungzus*,
Who, bloated with the Thought of the Success
He late had gain'd o're the Imperial Race,
Imagin'd Fortune was oblig'd by Duty,
To Crown with Favour each bold Enterprize:
Believing too, the Heaven inspir'd *Uzangues*,
Joyn'd with the Gen'rous *Tartar*, only sent
As Victims to adorn his future Triumph;
He pushes on to Battel, fir'd with haste,
To prove the future progress of his Glory.
But, as 'mongst Cocks, when one of Craven kind
Meets with another of a Valiant Strain,
Right blooded from the Nest, and never crost,

Tho

Tho he sets on at first with seeming Valour,
Beaks, Ruffles, and appears as of the Game;
Yet when he finds the constant perseverance
Of his Brave Foe, who with unwearied Fight,
Gives him at last some Blow that touches Life,
Then shews the Haggard baseness of his Mettle,
His Innate Cowardice and recreant Nature,
By vilely running from the Conquerour,
And yielding with Disgrace. So Proud *Lycungzus*,
After an Eager Chace throughout the Battel,
Being by *Uzangues* found, and bravely charg'd;
His Fathers Death, which had been newly told,
Encouraging his Force, fled from his Fury,
Striving to hide that Head Fate had proscrib'd,
Amongst his Russian Guard. But all in vain;
Revenge makes a swift flight: And the Brave Ge-
(neral,
Whose great Example made his Troops come on
With more than common speed, his Sword dividing
Opposing Squadrons, that durst stop his way,
Upon the Rebel's Head soon showr'd his Fury,
And struck beneath his Foot, then seiz'd his Throat,
And gave him to attending Slaves a Pris'ner.
The rest, who saw this dire Catastrophe,

Scatt'ring like Chaff before the Northern Blast,
 Soon made the Glorious Victory entire :
 The harrass'd Natives making quick Revolt,
 And praising Providence for their Relief.

Amongst the first of these that made their Court
 To the new Victor, came the Officer,
 Under whose Jurisdiction Reverend Uz
 Had been so long confin'd ; whose Barb'rous Murder
 Was the last Order of the Lawless Tyrant :
 Whom when the Gen'ral saw, a Pious Rage
 Flaming in either Eye and in his Heart,
 A just Resentment for his Injur'd Father
 Giving an eager utterance to his Tongue.
 Mov'd by a Passion, which tho fierce, was proper,
 He taxes with ungenerous want of Honour,
 And blotting the brave Scutcheon of a Souldier,
 By the performance of an Act so horrid,
 To serve the Humour of an Odious Rebel,
 And basely save his own unworthy Life.
 Ingratitude he urges too, to th' height,
 And vile Forgetfulness of past Indulgence.
 Concluding with this fatal Resolution,
 That both *Licungzus* and his abject self,

High

High on a Stake, soon as next Morn appear'd,
Should be Impal'd alive, a Sacrifice
Due to the Manes of his Martyr'd Sire.

The Souldier, who had all this while been mute,
And void of Fear, this Dreadful Sentence heard,
With solemn Look, pointing to one that stood
Amongst the Guard, made only this Reply.

*That he, the Reverend person there so near him,
Could give the best account of his late Actions :
Whether Ingratitude so black appear'd,
And whether he had sav'd, or lost his Honour.*

At which, the Gen'ral turning to th' Object
He spoke of 'mongst the Croud, perceiv'd a Man,
Wither'd with Age, and clad in mean Attire,
Pressing to get more near. But oh what wonder,
Mixt with Transporting Joy, Surpriz'd his Heart,
When Sight inform'd each Sence it was his Father;
Who with extended Arms and flowing Eyes,
Finding his prostrate Son embrace his Knees,
With Shame acknowledg'd his unmanly Weakness,
In what he lately wrote : Prais'd his Resolve ;

Then

Then told him too that Noble Officer,
 With hazard of his own, had sav'd his Life ;
 Rejecting the Curst Order of the Tyrant,
 And sheltring him from Knowledge in Disguise,
 Had taken first occasion to Revolt,
 Resolv'd to share with him what Fate should doom.

And now the Scene is chang'd, the Gen'ral's Arms
 Twine round the Souldiers Neck, whilst Breast to
 (Breast,
 His Panting Heart makes known his Satisfaction.
 The Name of Brother now was his new Title :
 He begs a Pardon for th' Injustice done,
 And vows perpetual Friendship, to Attone.

Nought now remains to Crown the happy Hours,
 That Conquest had Confirm'd, and cheer all Hearts,
 But the swift Execution of the Rebel,
 The Proud, and now the most despis'd *Lycungzus* :
 Who, on a Promontory tawring high,
 Without the Walls of the Metropolis
 Regal'd the People, with his hated Carcass
 Expos'd to the Sun-beams and Swarms of Insects :

Till

The second Tragick Story.

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Till after three days end, the Bruitish Soul,
Freed from the Nauseous Dungeon, where it dwelt,
Left there the lifeless Trunk, to taint the Air,
And shew Heav'ns just Reward for Curst Rebellion.

The End of the Poem.

F I N I S.

The Second Tragic Step

After three days and the British soul
from the Titanic's Dungeon, where it dwelt
the little the little, to raise the Air
and New Heaven's for Civil Rebellion.



The Post

FINES





